



Victoria R. J.

COLLECTION
OF VICTORIAN BOOKS

AT
BRIGHAM YOUNG

UNIVERSITY



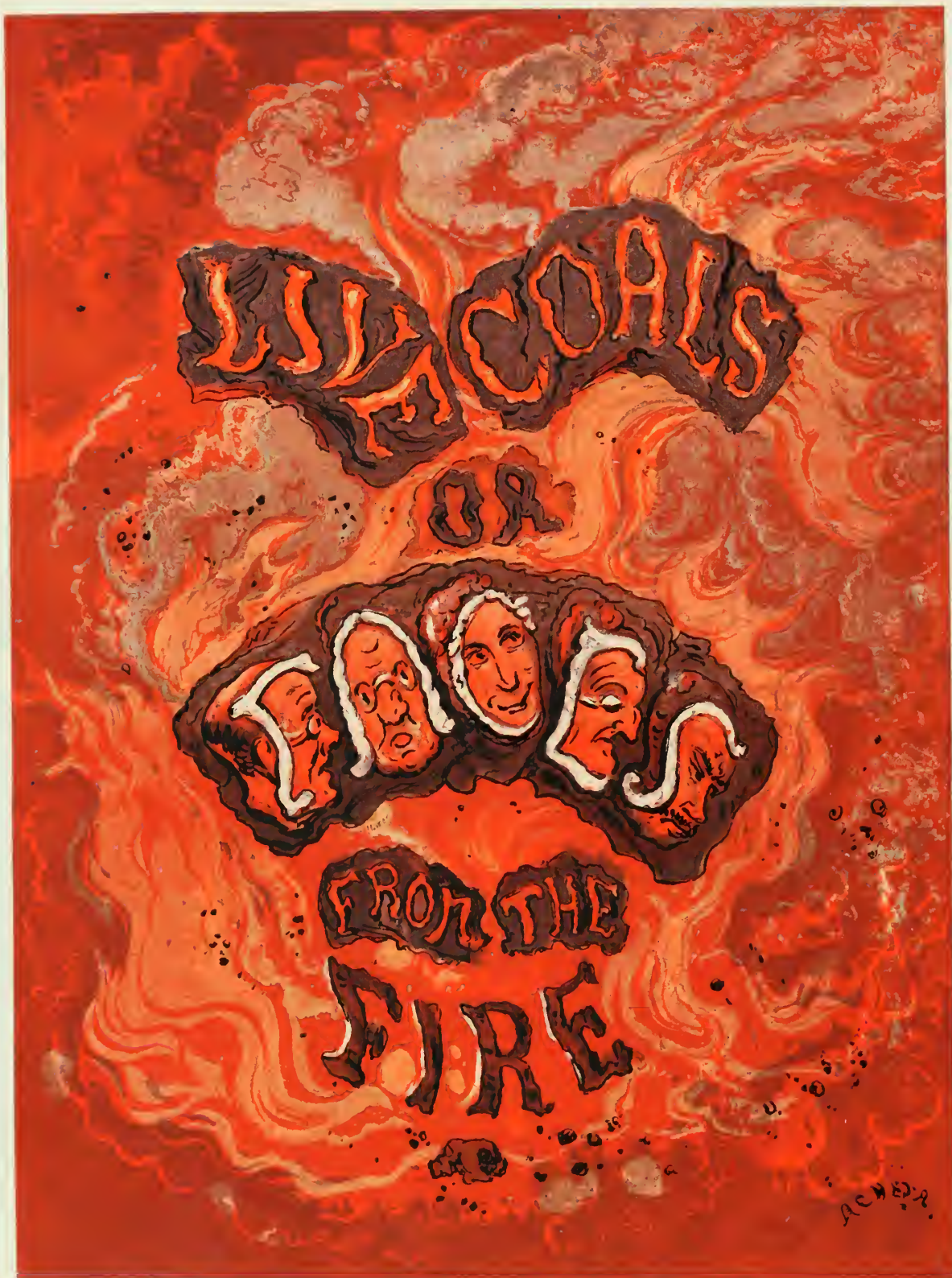
328
B 2541
1867


BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 22919 2353

LIVE COALS; OR, FACES FROM THE FIRE.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Brigham Young University

<http://archive.org/details/livecoalsorfaces00budg>

LIVE COALS;
OR,
FACES FROM THE FIRE.

BY
L. M. BUDGEN,
[ACHETA,
AUTHOR OF 'EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.'



LONDON:
L. REEVE & CO., 5, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.,

This Volume

IS
BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION

VERY GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>PREFATORY PUFF</i>	i
<i>IMAGERY OF "ACCIDENT"</i>	I
<i>THE FIRE IN A NEW LIGHT</i>	23
<i>THE FIRE AN EXHIBITOR</i>	37
<i>THE FIRE A SCULPTOR</i>	55

ILLUSTRATIONS.

[*Erratum*.—The Plate numbered 10 should be 11, and that numbered 11 should be 10.]

	PAGE
✓ 1. FRONTISPIECE	i
2. HEADPIECE TO ACHETA'S PREFATORY PUFF	ix
3. TAILPIECE TO DITTO	xii
✓ 4. THE CATHEDRAL MOUNT	3
✓ 5. THE NURSERY SYBIL	22
✓ 6. HEADPIECE TO 'THE FIRE IN A NEW LIGHT'	25
✓ 7. TAILPIECE TO DITTO, 'THE OLDEST OF THE OLD MASTERS AND THE FIRST OF LIVING ARTISTS'	36
8. HEADPIECE TO 'THE FIRE AN EXHIBITOR'	39
✓ 9. A STIFF-NECKED PHARAOH AND SHRINKING SATELLITE	41
✓ 11. MEXICAN IDOL AND MODERN HOUSEKEEPER	43
10. FRAGMENTARY FORMS	42
✓ 12. MEMNONIC HEAD AND SPHINX-LIKE FRAGMENT	45
✓ 13. FRAGMENT OF THE FELINE, A SPORT OF "ACCIDENT" AND YOUNG HUMANITY	46
✓ 14. COAL KINGS	46
✓ 15. A PHARISAIC FRAGMENT AND COAL SHIVERS	47
✓ 16. THE FIRST IDOL AND IDOLATER	51
✓ 17. FRAGMENTARY SLAB	53
✓ 18. TAILPIECE	54

	PAGE
✓ 19. HEADPIECE TO 'THE FIRE A SCULPTOR'	57
✓ 20. A PRIMITIVE KING BLOCK	58
✓ 21. THE SAME REFORMED BY FIRE	60
✓ 22. WHICH IS MOST MUSICAL	61
✓ 23. TRANSMUTATION FROM A PURITANIC PREACHER (RAW COAL) TO A POPULAR IDOL (PITCHY BUBBLE)	63
✓ 24. TRANSMUTATION: STAGE FIRST, COAL SHIVERS	64
✓ 25. TRANSMUTATION: STAGE SECOND, COMFORTABLES IN COAL-TAR	67
✓ 26. TRANSMUTATION FROM A BASSO RELIEVO TO AN ALTO; FROM BLACK (COAL) TO BROWN (TAR); FROM THE LOW RASCALLY BLACKGUARD, TO THE HIGHLY RESPECTABLE MR. BROWN	68
✓ 27. OPPOSITES, AS PIN AND PINCUSHION MADE FOR ONE ANOTHER	70
✓ 28. A PARISH PROP	71
✓ 29. CROWING UP; GHOST OF THE OLD WHITE COCK	72
✓ 30. MILITARY PENDANTS	73
✓ 31. EAR-W-RINGS	73
✓ 32. SCULPTURAL BITS FROM THE FIRE, NOT UNLIKE BITS OF SCULPTURE FROM THE SCHOOLS (ANCIENT)	74
✓ 33. SCULPTURAL BITS FROM THE FIRE, SOMETHING LIKE BITS OF SCULPTURE FROM THE SCHOOLS (CLASSICAL)	75
✓ 34. SCULPTURAL BITS FROM THE FIRE, SOMETHING LIKE BITS OF SCULPTURE FROM THE SCHOOLS (MEDIÆVAL)	76
✓ 35. TAILPIECE	78





ACHETA'S PREFATORY PUFF.



THERE is no need to introduce ourselves afresh to old friends and patrons, only to make our best bow and wear our brightest smile on meeting them again. With *them* our new title-page will be an accepted title to renewed favour. To strangers we address a word or two, if only to impress them from the beginning with a notion of our thorough competency to the task we have undertaken, that of showing up Live Coals. Our fitness for this congenial office is indeed almost sufficiently attested by our designation, supposing *that* to be also suitable. “Acheta”—“Acheta domestica”—House Cricket, the Cricket of the *Hearth*. What creature upon earth is so certain to be closely conversant with all that belongs to the domestic Fire? If another similarly enlightened is to be found, it must be in the person or among the persons of those who, both in habitat and habits, bear the nearest resemblance to the fire-basking familiar. Of these we are one, or several if you will, and boast of a likeness almost to identity with our chirping representative. With *us*, as with *it*, the winter world extends but a little way beyond the bars, our circle of acquaintance being little wider than the circumference of the grate. Hence, with observation all the keener for contraction, have we, from our

corner, as the cricket from his cranny, obtained extraordinary insight into the Life of the Coals, and become intimately familiar with Faces in the Fire.

But our range is not at all times thus contracted. It becomes, annually, more or less discursive from the "range" of the grate. That, however, is only, as with the cricket, when the hearth is cold, all but in the kitchen, and when Life in the Coals, whether "high" or low, is gone "below stairs." Then, our double of the hearth still followed, our haunts continue as remote as ever from the noise and traffic of the world. We live amongst "the things of beauty," the "joys for ever," of the flowery garden, sunny hedgerow, wood and wild. In our summer saunterings, as in our winter sittings, warmth and brightness are, as with the cricket, the elements we seek; and we also love dearly (the cricket is an acquisitive animal) to pick up something by the way. Our gatherings collected in seasons past were "Episodes of Insect Life." Since these were scattered to the winds,—not, we hope, without *some* fruition,—summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, have come and gone times over. Yet here we are again (praise to the God of seasons and of *all* they bring!) at our darling fire-side.

Instead of Living Insects, with their triple transformations, Live Coals, with their interminable changes, are before us. Viewed as *objects*, they have long attracted our particular notice. Now we make them *subjects*, with a view to their notice by other people.

As objects they are certainly not new, no newer than the first coal-fire ever kindled. But are they new even as subjects? That also may be disputed or denied. "Everybody," says somebody, "has seen Faces in the Fire." Possibly, but everybody has *not* seen Faces taken *from* it. Everybody may have caught glimpses of glowing images in the chaos of the grate; but it is *not* everybody, or we are much mistaken, who has seen them caught hold of, without burnt fingers, and committed incombustible to paper.

Thus much, at all events, we can conscientiously affirm, that to the best of

our belief, this is the first volume, save of smoke and flame, issued—we don't say *ever*, but in modern times,—from the hot-press of the grate. It may be otherwise. Book and picture making from the Fire may be no more a novelty in this day of new things, or old ones novel-ized, than the images and subjects which the fire makes.* Be this as it may,—be the present volume of a character hackneyed or original,—be its contents “good, bad, or indifferent,”—there is one impression concerning them which we are particularly anxious to convey—the reader is entreated not to look upon this book as one leading to *nothing beyond itself*; as a volume of which the letterpress is simply to be read—the plates simply looked at—and there an end! Do we then—as if we were *really*, instead of but in *seeming*, our own trumpeter,—desire for our own performance a greater measure of attention than books immeasurably its betters are apt to receive? Far from it. Nay, we are almost diffident of claiming for what follows the dignity of a *book* at all. We feel ourselves at this moment as but prefacing a *Preface*—at most an Introduction, a Conductor, an Indicator, a Pioneer, a most imperfect Key—to untold treasures. It is, then, as either or all of these that we would have it *used*, applied as such to a “Book” which will be found in every sense deserving of the name. *That* is a book whose Author

* The above preface, with the greater portion of what it prefaces, was written in and before the winter of 1860, hence before the appearance of the Christmas number of the ‘Illustrated London News’ for 1861. In that there was, as many may remember, a poetical description, “by A. C. Rambo,” of “What I saw in the Fire.” With it was a clever illustration by Alfred Crowquill, in which, however, we fancied there was more of that lively artist than of Live Coal. From the verses we quote the following, because they answer curiously to what will be found a leading feature, however imperfectly rendered, in our Faces from the Fire, namely, their aptitude for being turned to artistic use.

“ Why, what a school of Art
I now might start,
With ever-changing studies new and good.
And rule
A school
That owed its rise to penny bundle wood !”

is Nature ; whose “ Illuminator ” is Fire ; whose leaves are laminæ (of coal or slate) ; whose characters are “ live ; ” whose characteristics are warmth, light, liveliness, strength, brightness ; whose subject is life ; whose pages are without end, bound in iron, but open to all.





IMAGERY OF "ACCIDENT,"

OR

FORMS IN FRAGMENTS.

Where is "Accident?" and what? if anything.—Order in all Things.—"Accident" as a Spoilt Child or Sportive Fairy.—"Shapes that Shape have none."—Playthings of "Accident," (the Child.)—"Accident" (the Fairy) mocks Design.—Shaping of Land as left by Water.—Outline of the Earth.—Its Irregularity subservient to Uses.—Face of the Earth like nothing on the Face of it.—Exceptions to this rule of Non-resemblance.—Query for the Ingenious in "Final Causes."—"Accident" plays the Architect.—"The Cathedral Mount" (Vignette).—Mountain Chains.—The Temple of the Andes a Natural Model.—Of what Use?—The Cathedral of Nature corroborates the Cathedral of Art.—Art-Lessons in Stones.—An Architectural Primer.—Forms (Architectural) in Rocky Fragments.—Suggestive Contributions from the Vegetable World.—The Stone Primer a torn one.—Could Architecture have learnt out of such a Book?—Bowers, not Buildings, belonged to Paradise.—Accident plays the Sculptor.—"Il Leone," "the Bear-rock," "the Lion's Face," "the Brown Cow," etc.—Simulative Forms of Fracture, not Shapes of Fancy.—The Use of Chance Resemblances?—Ordinary Shapings of Evident Use.—Extraordinary Apings seemingly Useless.—Natural Sculptures not so rare as rarely noticed.—First Observers of "the Imagery of Accident" (in Stone).—An Objection touching Image Worship.—"Accident" plays the Enamel Painter.—Picture Agates.—Fancy dives after a Subterranean Secret.—Anticipative Likenesses.—More Guessing at "Final Causes."—A Startling Inference.—Imagery of "Accident" in the Sky.—Shadowy Legions routed by "General" Knowledge.—Sham Fights and Rifle Practice.—Rifle Balls.—"The Merry Dancers."—Science gives for what she takes.—Science has Pet-Shadows of her Own.—Cloud Pictures.—"Cloud-Land" of the Poet.—Imagery of Cloud-Land.—Uses of being "in the Clouds."—The Farmer "in the Clouds."—The Miller "in the Clouds."—The Miser (if he could be) "in the Clouds."—The Mother "in the Clouds."—"Accident" seems at home amidst Ruins.—"Accident" plays the Limner on Old Walls.—Frescoes of "Accident" in the Deserted Mansion.—Thistlefield Church.—A Sacred Interior.—A Frescoed Group.—Green Dragon and White-faced Fugitives.—Somnolent Churchwardens.—Teacup Imagery and Augury.—A Nursery Sibyl and Sibylline "Leaves." (Tail-piece.)—"Accident" chased to the Fire.—Is she there?

1V.



THE CATHEDRAL MOUNT.

P. 6.

IMAGERY OF "ACCIDENT."

"Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all,
Thus Nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her '*sports*' we call."
Langhorne.

"ACCIDENT" has a name everywhere—perhaps she has a place nowhere. We give her a person and a pronoun feminine, but only suppositiously, since she may prove a mere nonentity. In the moral world Accident is, confessedly, a shadow of a shade. In the material, she may be quite as unsubstantial. Throughout the kingdoms three (animal, vegetable, mineral), Design and Order occupy each particle and cell; so that poor little Accident (assigning her a body) can scarcely have a house to live in, or a place to set her foot on. Supposing we had power, with Ariel—

"To fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,"

where, in the elements, should we be likely to set eyes or lay hands on Accident, and be able to say, with assurance, "Ah! here we've caught you"?

If Accident be ever really in presence, Disturbance, that "lord of (seeming) misrule," must be her hurlyburly usher. Where Disturbance is busy—

breaking up—breaking down—dispersing—dissolving—fusing—*confusing*—there (if anywhere) does Accident (if anything) seem busy too. But let Accident be present, say at the rending of a rock, or the breaking of a pebble, or the splintering of a tree, there are marks of Order in their fractures. Or let Accident attend the fusion of a metal or the solution of a salt, there are forms of Order in the melting and dissolving. In short, if we ever catch a glimpse of Accident in the wide domain of Nature, she would seem to wear the shape of a sportive child, allowed to hang upon the skirts of mature, matron-like Design. Or, in her flitting forms, so evanescent and intangible, if not imaginary altogether, we may perhaps figure her best as a frolicsome fairy, permitted by higher powers (the great Genii of the elements) to meddle occasionally, but not to mar.

If we thus allow to Accident a shape of her own (say, now, that of the spoilt child), we may also give her the credit or the blame of certain other shapes, or shapings, of accordant character. To her, at all events, are generally imputed those fragmentary forms “that form have none”—that represent nothing—seem meant for nothing—look like nothing—or only like the chips and filings of Nature’s workshops. We may call them here the playthings—the broken playthings of “Accident,” the capricious child.

But occasionally—and less, then, in the character of a child than of a fairy—Accident would seem to meet and tap us on the shoulder, and to point in arch exultation to what she has been about. We start, and stand half amazed, half amused at what she shows us, claiming it, so saucily, as her own handiwork,—rather, her own imitative *sport*. It may happen to be the image of some object, perhaps wonderful, perhaps beautiful in itself, but much too *common* for our notice as a work of Design, while as a freak of Accident (or freak of Nature as we sometimes call it) it is much too *singular* to be overlooked. For examples, and to begin with an early, yet a late one, when our World, as we see it, was very young, though the Earth, and perhaps Accident (if ever born) were very old. Old or young, let us fancy her to have been present by permission, and by the side of Design; while under guidance of the latter a grand work of shaping was going on. That was the shaping of the face of the land as

its features were being formed in process, or by processes of time, above the face of the water. Careless Accident could never surely have been allowed by careful Design to meddle in a boundary question of such world-wide magnitude. Her little shadowy finger could have played no part in tracing even the outline of a plan, which was the *ground-plan* of a residence for the Lord of Creation. And yet, as we see it now (completed for some unreckonable ages) Accident, as the child or as the fairy, would seem to say to us, "Come unto these yellow sands," or "Sit upon this shingly beach, and, where sea and land meet, look how I have been at play." And look we *will*, not though at such a modicum of wavering coast-line as can be discerned from the meeting margins of shore and sea; nor yet from any eminence above them. Instead of that, let us take a general survey (in our atlas) of the contour of our Earth as settled, but for some trivial waverings, ever since Geography, or even Man, was born. See, in a chart of the hemispheres, its figure as a whole, with the figures, big and little, which go to make it up. Irregular, indescribable, and looking as if drawn at random; they are the very shapes that "Accident" might seem very fairly to call her own. Yet in this harum-scarum-looking character of the Earth's outline is observable, even on the map, much more in the world it represents, a purpose or thousand purposes of Design. A few of them can be seen, even in the dark, by the light-house on the *head-land*, the lights in the ship at anchor in the *harbour*, and by the lights in the town that nestles in the *bay*.

But our immediate concern, we must remember, is not with the shapings (real or imputed) of "Accident" in general, but with such of them as "happen" to resemble forms obviously of Design. The *imagery* of "Accident" is our theme. It is a subject, confessedly rather vague and unsubstantial, like "Accident" herself; nor may the term made use of for its designation prove in all cases quite applicable. However, let it stand, as descriptive in general of those sportive, freakish likenesses in things unlike, which, as *similitudes*, are deemed accidental, and at the same time called "fanciful." To return to our atlas and chart of the World,—its outline figures the Earth's face, and nothing else on the face of the Earth. Nay, but we are

not perfectly correct: there is that great continent which prefigured a "shoulder of mutton," while as yet, in all probability, muttons had never bleated; that lesser continent, in the outline of which was shaped (after an unshapely fashion) "the human form divine" of its future inhabitants; and that narrow peninsula which furnished the pattern of a boot before there was a leg of man to wear one. Shall we ask the ingenious at assignment of "final causes" the "end" of these singular configurations? Were they *designed* (the boot especially) to come in aid, nowadays, of young geographers with halting memories? or were they *intended* to meet an aptitude in us children of a larger growth for the catching of rude resemblances, or the combining of shapeless fragments into shapely forms? We cannot say *positively* that they were. And if not designed for the above or other purpose, we may call, we suppose, these primitive patterns cut by water out of land, or by land out of water, primitive types of the "Imagery of Accident."

And Accident can be busy, it would seem, at her imitative shaping,—more properly, her shapes to be imitated,—amidst mountain summits as well as by the level shore. We read, for instance, of a high point in the chain of the Cordilleras, which from its perfect resemblance to the body and spires of a church, has obtained the name of "the Cathedral Mount." It is so lofty as to be seen at a distance of twenty leagues. Now suppose a traveller on whom has burst unexpectedly, and for the first time, a view of this stupendous structure,—*image* of a structure we should rather say. He takes it, at the moment, for a work of Man, consequently of Design, but presently, its gigantic proportions and correspondent surroundings undeceive him, and he finds it to be a work of Nature,—rather, one of Nature's "sports," an accidental freak, or freak of Accident. On nearer approach, and from an altered point of view, the *Cathedral* vanishes from the sight of its admiring beholder; it does not, like Aladdin's Palace, leave a void, but in place of the seeming fabric with its grand symmetric show, stands an ordinary group of mountain masses and rocky peaks. All around reigns Confusion, or to call Confusion by another name, over all reigns Accident. One could almost fancy her perched, in her form of fairy, on a pinnacle of porphyry or granite (one of the seeming

spires of that sham Cathedral), while she jeers at the traveller for having taken her *imposing* edifice for a work of *Design*. Yet who can tell? the traveller's first impression might have been in so far the right one; his real delusion might have come after, in having assigned to Accident any share in production of the magnificent object presented to his sight. Nobody would venture to declare that the links of a mountain chain only *happened* to be thrown up in connection. Looking, for instance, at these same Cordilleras as a file of steeple-hatted granite Grenadiers, nobody, we suppose, would say of *them* that they took posts to form a cordon without express command. "Of course not" says everybody (with a few atheistical exceptions), "of course not," because a mountain chain, however irregular, and whatever the disturbance through which it was originally wrought, is evidently a work of Design,—proved to be such by a variety of important uses. But with the Mountain Cathedral, or the rocky masses and pinnacles that are so combined as to look like one, it is altogether different: these, as regards what they represent, are clearly (so most people would affirm) a mere sport of Accident; they have only been so tossed up that they happen, from a certain point of view, to mimic a glorious house built to God,—a sublime object, truly, in the few favoured eyes permitted to behold it, but for *use*, or uses, not pretending to a single one. Look, in imagination, at that colossal pile. It is founded on its own base, a "rock of ages," but, as if too proud to touch the earth, it wears the appearance of being raised upon a platform of cloud. See its snow-clad roofs and pinnacles glittering in the sun, or the moonlight, or the lightning flash, and confess it to present a spectacle too glorious to depict in colours or in words. Then even to the painter and the poet, what's its *use*? But the architect? might not this grand model of nature have been *designed* to supply him with a pattern for the triumph of his art? Why, no; it was certainly exhibited for countless ages before architect was living, but then it could hardly have been observed, or observable till after the erection of sacred edifices, its outward resemblance to which first drew attention to its singularity of form. What then, as an architectural model, was its *use*? Well, what's the *use* of asking the above, or a thousand other utilitarian questions? The matter-of-fact people who most love to put them, are so

apt to stop one's mouth and stifle one's conjectural replies by snowballs,—the snow they are made of never collected on tops of mountains, on the earth, or in the moon. We shall venture, notwithstanding, to suggest a *possible use* of that superb structure, the Cathedral Mount. May it not have been *designed* to put, as it were, a stamp of verity on some of the noblest of our works, as devoted to the very noblest of our purposes? Standing in solemn grandeur betwixt earth and heaven, it would seem an evidence to sight, that in erection of her sacred buildings the hand of Art has hit upon the *true*. She has produced, without knowing it, resemblances of a type temple reared by Nature to her God. In the same striking object there would appear another fact, or at the least a likely conclusion, made palpable to sight,—it would seem to show that the art of building had been mainly led, as it were, up a flight of stone steps to the eminence it has attained. In stones, there may have been art lessons as well as “sermons,” and we (biggest of the building animals) may have drawn from them (perhaps without a thought of it) not only *material* for work, but instructions for working. An architectural Primer might have been composed of natural or fragmentary forms in unhewn stone. The builder may never have had opportunity to profit by a natural model like our temple of the Andes, but its component *parts*, or the like of them, have been for ever presented to the eye. No need to visit the Cordillera to see the rock of massive *body*, squared by fracture, or rounded (perhaps dome-like) by attrition,—the splintery *pinnacles*, the *arches*, *pillars*, *pilasters*, and *buttresses* which support, or *seem* supporting, their superincumbences of stone,—with these, the unwrought surfaces, smooth as tool could make them, or rough in *rilievi* and *intagli*, rudely resembling the labours of the chisel. Thus has Nature, by Design or Accident, furnished stone models (not too imperfect for *suggestion*) of all the forms that make up, in skilful combination, the triumph of the constructive art. Our obligation to the vegetable world is generally allowed for the suggestive contributions to architecture of the over-*arching* bough, the pillar-like trunk, the ornamental leaf. From the mineral may not the same Art have borrowed as much and more? “No,” says an objector, “the models supposed to have been furnished by the vegetable kingdom were living shapes

of beauty and perfection, while the best that could have been offered by the mineral, were hard and rugged forms of fracture,—exemplars, if of anything, of imperfection only.” Well, true it is that amongst rugged mountains and shattered rocks, marks of disruption and disorder are prevailing stamps upon the works of Nature. These are impressed upon her broken scenery, on each of its features, and on every the smallest fragment which goes to constitute the grand yet imperfect whole. “Then a likely matter,” you will tell us, that dame Nature should have set up a school of art, even an infant one, with such a stock-in-trade,—such torn primers, such dog’s-eared copies,—with “Accident” too (that careless jade, and nothing better!) for assistant, at her right-hand! To what could she have pointed, amidst the disorder round her, as patterns for *orderly* edifices, or *parts* of edifices to be reared by studious Design? Least of all, was she competent, or likely, so circumstanced, to have contributed a stone model, or even a model stone, towards a house of devotion to the All-perfect One? Yes, as a temple to be reared by his all-*imperfect* creatures, of whom and their highest aspirations, the rugged mountain and shattered rock, imperfect in their grandeur, grand in their imperfections, are not unfitting representatives. But for disturbance and disruption there had been no “Cathedral Mount.” But for sin and decadence there had, perhaps, been no cathedral. Bowers, not buildings, belonged to Paradise.

If Nature be acknowledged as an architect, or architectural teacher, of the primeval order, shall “Accident” be disclaimed or recognized as her playful coadjutor? Be this as it may, let us see if we can discern the same questionable agent (or her semblance), still, by permission, associate with Nature, in the allied character of sculptor; for this we must keep still to rocks and mountains. Of these, many are distinguished by popular names, which prove their having presented to the popular eye a resemblance in *form* to some other object dissimilar in all besides. There are, for instances, “Il Leone” of Corsica, the rock which, in likeness of a lion couchant, guards the port of Bastia; the “Bear Rock,” off the Straits of Messina; the “Lion’s Face” (now *effaced*), on a cliff in the Scottish Highlands, and a mountain (in the Highlands also) which bears the name, doubtless from having borne the aspect, of a “Brown Cow.”

These and the like resemblances are called "imaginary" and "fanciful." Thus our right royal Laureate writes of

"The face that men
Shape to their *fancy's* eye from broken rocks,
On some cliff's side."

But Imagination prefers usually to create her somethings out of "airy nothings," and Fancy to weave her varicoloured webs out of flimsier material than granite or mountain-limestone. The images in question are, it is true, not often discernible as such, except from certain points of view; but this militates nothing against their *reality*, as objects of sight, a reality recognized by common consent; they are therefore not forms of *fancy*, but simply forms of *fracture*, which *happen*, let us say, to have been invested, through that haphazard operation, with rudely simulative shapes. Then here again would seem to step in Accident, or the shadow to which that name is given. "To be sure!" cries our wise friend Utility; "for to what on earth but Accident would you attribute chance resemblances like these? In the first place, these likenesses are too infrequent to come of Design; in the next, there's not the slightest *use* in them! What's the use, for instance, of a rock, any more than of an ass, pretending to look like a lion, or threatening, in the shape of a bear, to give a bear's hug to the mariner who should venture to embrace it? Such toys of Nature, or of Accident, may afford a moment's surprise, or a nine minutes' wonder to the childish or child-like voyager, but what's their *use*? One can see a *use*—uses many, such as of gentle irrigation and protection, in the prevailing form of the conical mountain, also in the general formlessness of the fragmentary rock, with its ledges, and chasms, and crannies, resting-places and hiding-places, and nurseries for living creatures and vegetable life. But where the conceivable good of those simulative shapings and apings which rock and mountain happen occasionally to exhibit? *Only occasionally*,—this their rarity almost a proof in itself that such fantastic resemblances were never *meant*; that these sculptural forms of Nature or Accident were never *intended* to suggest the sculptures of Art or Design." And why not? this their very singularity being calculated to challenge notice. But *is* this kind of imagery so very rare as are

the few notable or noted of its examples? Certainly *not*; for in innumerable rocks and fragments, "old as the hills," to which they may belong, there are, beyond doubt, a variety of likenesses of created things, only wanting to be seen (from certain points) to be recognized as such. These would be sculpture-like resemblances, rude similitudes of statuary or surface-carving.

Now, suppose a prison, not of brick or hewn stone, but of natural rock, a solitary prisoner immured within, shut out from all but light—a prisoner's niggard share of it,—*he*, assuredly, would soon discover, not as shaped merely to his *fancy's* eye, but as *really* visible to his restricted sight, specimens few or many of the imagery in question. Faces, with perhaps figures, of stone gaolers, "hard and still," might be the first to stand out, sharply prominent, before the shrinking captive; then in the natural sculptures of the walls he would discern softer images, albeit, like the last, of stone; he would see (there's not a doubt of it!) some dear familiar face or faces, and in the trickling moisture of that drear dungeon, he would seem to see them weeping, because they can never look on *his* again. "Yes," says the denier of *real* presence in the objects we are talking of, "all these stony resemblances, and a thousand more, might appear actual to an unfortunate inmate of a solitary cell, but they would be as completely phantoms of his fevered *imagination*, as if they were conjured out of nothing!" Nay, not so, for there is scarcely, we believe, a square yard in a thousand of rock or rocky wall which does not bear sculptured on its face, faces which would befit "stern gaolers" to a *T!*—not to speak of others appropriate to people of less stony reputation. In the case supposed, all the work left for the prisoner's fond or fearful *fancy* would be to clothe with *personal* resemblance the cold bare images *really* before his eye.

Next to the captive in his dungeon, the hermit, self-imprisoned in his rocky cell, and the monk in his cloister, were likely to be earliest observers of the works of Nature or sports of Accident in the sculptural line; either or all of these may have been of the first imitators of these *seeming* imitations which were, perhaps, the first prompters to imitative practice. Hence such primitive models may have had more to do with the birth and infancy of Art, than Art in her adolescence might be disposed to allow.

Here it may be asked, how could Nature or Accident have been permitted to teach what was forbidden by Nature's God, *i. e.* the making of graven images, and other likenesses of things in heaven and earth and water,—that step on the threshold of idolatry, so speedily *overstepped*? If this objection be allowed at all, it is one of general application to the imitative arts, let them have originated how they may.

If we give credit to "Accident" for having played at architecture amidst mountain summits, and at sculpture amidst fragments of rock, we can hardly dispute her having tried her hand at painting before rock or mountain had received their names. Cabinetted for countless ages have been certain miniatures in stone, now brought partially to light,—“Accident” their apparent discoverer, as if proud of showing us choice productions wherein she would seem to have had a considerable share. Since thus exhibited, we have placed them in our catalogue of Nature's curiosities, and call them Agate Pictures, or Picture Agates. The poet, one of whose verses heads our chapter, pays them the tribute of two more, in which, by the way, he denies to Accident the slightest agency in producing these gems of “The Stone Cabinet,” thus:—

“ Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves
Still many a shining pebble bear,
Where Nature's *studious* hand engraves
The perfect *form*, and leaves it there.”

Well, on this subject, as on every other, the man of rhymes can venture further in assertion than the man of science, who, as concerns the formation of agates, can give us little more than guesses; so let Fancy indulge in a guess or two also on this subterranean secret. Suppose Nature, directed by Design, busy in the chemical process of making one of these half-pellucid gems. Behold her in her fire-lit laboratory, fusing her flint, and mingling coarser matters, earthy and metallic, in the molten mass. On the disposition of these little opacities within the transparent fluid, the colouring of the future pebble will depend. But does Design concern herself about the exact shapes or patterns this colouring will produce? It would hardly seem so, for in the melting and mingling of those diverse particles, “black, white, and grey,” she would

seem to give them free permission to “mingle as they may,”—to leave them, in short, to be the sport of Accident. Accordingly, on pebble after pebble, there is nothing to be seen but Accident’s own fantastic figuring; nothing but clouding, confusion, motley medleys, random ramifications. But now comes an exception to this non-imitative rule. Here, in the compass of a pebble, we have the representation of a perfect tree; again, upon another, the reflection of a landscape; on a third, appears the exact image of a man; on a fourth, a complete group of human figures; on a fifth, a set of numerals making up a date! Now has Design, or Nature working designedly *to make pictures*, here interposed? Has she laid a finger on the parti-coloured particles, erst so errant, and have they arranged themselves, under her guidance, into definite forms—figures of things and creatures which were to follow ages after their formation? Those Picture Agates are in truth very curious productions! Most curious in this,—that they should present images of objects so far distant in the prospective order of creation! Curious that these should have had their portraitures thus taken by anticipation, enamelled, framed, glazed in crystal, and locked up for an incalculable period in the subterranean cabinet! It would almost look as if “coming entities” were like “coming events,” to be made darkly discernible in their shadows “cast before”—yet *too* darkly in these hidden gems, for any eye that we know of, to discern them? But the *end* or *use*, if any, of these remarkable resemblances? For these we must refer again to the ingenious in final causes. Perhaps they will tell us that the likenesses in question were traced by Design, or Nature, under her direction, as trials of her hand,—first drafts or impressions, on stone, of forms to be moulded thereafter in the clay that was to breathe; or that these little pictures were designed simply to excite our admiration, or that they were intended expressly to “inspire the imitative mind,” to give us a first notion of copying from Nature, by seeing her occasionally copy from herself. Perhaps, but if she copied from herself by using as “*copies*” these stone pictures, hence follows a somewhat startling inference. The human form designed on agate could not possibly have been drawn after the figure of a man; therefore, man’s figure must have been formed after a design on agate!

A host of fantastic imagery performs its evolutions on that glorious field,

the firmament of heaven; its legions for ever yielding and fleeing, though for ever reinforced by new levies from the meteor and the cloud. In the van of these used to march the great meteoric army of the North; but it is broken now, together with its shadowy allies, before the onslaught of Science, and advance of "General" Knowledge. The Boreal Lights are still wheeling and crackling in the northern sky, but perhaps nowhere now, and in no "seasons" save those of Thomson, do these—

" Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war."

Nor perhaps now in any "lines" but his, are to be seen the waving *banners*, white or crimson; nor heard the sharp rattle of the musketry of this light infantry and cavalry, or cavalry and infantry of Light. So far, all the better! We have enough (Heaven help and *mend* us!) of warfare, real and mimic, upon *terra firma*! No need of marchings and counter-marchings, sham fights and rifle practice in the clouds! And enough, too, we have of "balls," rifle and other, without caring much to "keep up" the ball of "the merry dancers" in the celestial *salons* of the North, illumined nightly by the reveller's own brilliant dresses. These are pretty enough, but as if they were dirty cobwebs, nothing better! Science has nearly swept them, together with the shining mail of the "legions," from the northern sky. With her implement of dispersion, her long-handled besom, she has cleared whole heaps of rubbish from the "houses" of the heavens, as well as from the "house of mind." But amongst this time-collected refuse were some glittering gems dropped by Fancy; and not a few such, worth preserving, used to sparkle on the darker clothing of imputed terror, with which Ignorance invested the imagery of the sky. As regards these aerial shapes, as well as a multitude of others, it must, however, be confessed that Science has not taken without giving,—not only of the solid, but the less substantial. She puts to flight the shadows of Ignorance, but sometimes supplies their places with pet shadows of her own. Of these, some are so grand, others so beautiful or pleasing, that one can't help wishing them to prove, as perhaps they will, shadows of realities,—long reaching, and discovered from afar. We have seen how she has swept the sky, and almost swept

away, not its *real imagery*, but the false clothing with which it was used to be invested by superstitious Fear and Fancy. Together with her "besom" of destruction, she has swept it with her telescope, to stud it with innumerable worlds; and she has swept it again with, what in truth she has little business to handle, a *ballet* of feathers from Imagination's wing. The mist of mystery and remoteness, half unfolded by the telescope, is brushed away entirely on its application, and lo! even the telescopic worlds are furnished with populations like themselves, beyond computation, beyond conception, but not beyond *description*! What, in comparison with creative "*givings*" such as these, the destructive "*takings*" from us, and from the firmament, of a scanty assemblage of those "wondrous shapes" resolved at the touch of Science into simple flashes of electric light?

But it is in the ordinary, rather than extraordinary aspect of the heavens that celestial imagery most prevails. It is *really* discernible in the combinations of the fleecy cloud, if not in the evolutions of the fiery meteor. Cloud pictures are generally hung, like other fine ones by the hanging committee! too high for common observation. But there are exceptional circumstances under which even the beauty and height of these "water-colour" productions do not entirely preclude their being looked at! Most of all favourable to their notice is the monotony of protracted shipboard. Then to the eye of the *idle* voyager, wearied of sea and sky, sky and sea, sea and sky, (nothing else in all the world to look at!) it becomes gradually apparent that in the sky itself, mirrored on its face, there is often something, *many* somethings, which because they are always fleeing afford objects of "*pursuit*." If the voyager has been a traveller, the illuminated scroll overhead serves to recall, quite as well perhaps as his sketch-book, the objects he has seen in many lands. Cathedrals in decay, castles in ruins, purple mountains, fantastic trees, rugged rocks, and shining rivers; great glowing images (what if they are broken?) of kings and priests, and prophets, in flowing beards, and robes as flowing,—purple, crimson, gold, and glittering white. And great grey shadows, broken enough, too, of dark-faced men and women in a beggarly array of torn and tattered cloud. And faces he sees, with bits of figures, of queer people, and comical and wonderful creatures,

matches of museum curiosities, and monstrosities in cloud, to be matched by nothing else, or only by phantoms night-born, in a hammock, of ship pork and damaged biscuit. Now, doesn't the sea-bound idler see enough in the clouds to make him a poet? And what, pray, says our friend Utility, is the *use* of that?

To the poet, ready-made, the sky is a favourite book. Shakespeare had an eye, of course, for its embellishments:—

“ Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometimes like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with *air*.”

And Coleridge took delight in the same dissolving pictures:—

“ Oh, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlit skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy, or with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,
'Twixt crimson banks, and then a traveller go
From mount to mount, through cloud-land—gorgeous land !”

“ Coloured eyes,” so says the proverb, “ make coloured objects,” and the “ cloud-land” of the poet is something of a dream-land too, coloured as warmly by glowing imagination as by glowing sunsets. But even to eyes as free from the prismatic hues of fancy as “ the best pebble spectacles ” from material tints, there is never a sky, if it be but a cloudy one, which is not overspread by fleeting imagery, sometimes of grand, and as often of very common things. There are cloud-pictures *à la* Teniers, as well as *à la* Claude and Salvator,—subjects suitable to every taste ; and if people in general would only look upwards a little oftener, raising their eyes from dusty earth to dewy skies, they might find refreshment, if nothing better, in noting the forms and fashions of the changing vapours,—a cure, perhaps, for “ vapours ” of a worser sort. So let any one bold

enough to laugh at being laughed at for being "in the clouds," amuse himself now and then in chasing *them* as they chase each other. It would make, at all events, a little change from pursuit of shadows upon earth. Something of the earthy would be sure, though, to cling to his contemplation of the clouds. He would be sure to lay hold on some curious resemblances of terrestrial shapes. That he couldn't help! And, what perhaps he couldn't help either, the first thing to catch his eye, or be caught by it, would be an image of some object associate with his leading employment or most engrossing thought. The farmer, for instance, if he would now and then look upward from his furrows, would be sure to see in the clouds, silvery and golden, likenesses of his fleecy flocks and golden sheaves: thence, *possibly*, might bethink him, more than has been his wont, of the "high and lofty One," who blesseth the flock and herd, and giveth of increase to the harvest.

The miller, on some sabbath rest from grinding, might, in like manner, discern in the heapings of the silvered clouds a similitude of the sacks of corn, the grist to his mill, piled in abundance on his mill-floor: and then he *might* be reminded, from looking *up* at them, instead of *down*, of Him who "bringeth the winds out of his treasures," and "holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand," and but for whose mighty help "the sound of the grinding" would speedily "wax low!"

The miser,—only *he*, to be sure, is never likely to look upwards!—would be certain, if he did, or *could*, to perceive—images *first* perceptible to *him* amongst the gilded clouds!—semblances of sacks also, not of corn or flour, but bursting with money, the yellow gold shining from within. Wouldn't he watch them with a gloating and a greedy eye, till, all of a sudden, they break, and disappear!

Last, and more likely than either of the above to be looking upwards, is the mother,—she, from whom some darling of her heart has been taken, perhaps lately, or perhaps (all the same to her!) long, long ago. Those fleecy clouds of spring, so soft and bright and flowing, only answer vaguely, at the first, to recollections never faded from her mind; then, correspondent shapes grow apparent in the sky, of soft, full cheeks, and flowing curls, golden, and gilded by a sunny smile; and she looks, at last, upon "a perfect image" in the

clouds. It soon fades, but not before it has given her happy re-assurance, as if by an angel's message, that there is an angel of her *own* awaiting her in heaven.

Now, with a fall from the celestial, let us notice "Accident" (her agency allowed) at other of her undesigned resemblances on *terra firma*. She is often pleased to dash off her random likenesses in materials provided jointly by Nature and Art; these are lavishly supplied her in our dwellings, premises, and precincts, where, on being introduced by her ragged *ungentlemanly* ushers, Neglect and Decay, she appears to make herself exceedingly at home. Where Neglect and Decay are present,—say upon some ruined fabric,—Accident seems perched upon its falling fragments, to heap them in "confusion worse confounded." Now and then though, as in those parts of Nature's dominions where she would seem allowed the widest latitude, Accident appears to quarrel with her capricious self, and to copy (of course undesignedly) a production of Design. There is an instance of this sort, or there *was*, in the ruins of an old castle, which, viewed from a certain point, presented the seated image, even to the judicial wig, of a robed judge; his seat of judgment composed, like himself, of mouldering stones (were they symbolic of musty statutes?), and both elevated (warning beacon!) on the Castle Hill.*

But Accident, in her simulative shapings of this description, is much more apt to play the limner than the sculptor. On damp and crumbling plaster and rotten boarding she would seem to revel in fantastic imagery,—her colours, mould and mildew, moss and weather-stain. By help of these, she depicts on the "fool's paper"† of wall and paling all sorts of real and imaginable things, only nothing half so unreal and deceptive as what is commonly displayed on like surfaces in pictures and printings of Design. Few can have failed to bestow passing notice on these frescoes of Accident; let those who say there are none such noticeable be shut up (best *one* of them at a time) in some dilapidated interior; let him be alone with the spiders, their tapestry all the

* The remains of Hastings Castle presented, at one time, such an image.

† According to an Italian proverb, "A wall is the 'fool's paper' whereon to scribble fancies."—(Fuller).

hangings, in the family room of a family mansion, the home of a family long departed and dispersed, and there, upon the wall, where their shadows used to play in the sun and fire-light, and play, and dance too, in the wax-light blaze, he *must* see a family picture frescoed by Accident, assisted by Decay. Its subject will be, more than likely, a "Dance of Death," quite as significant as the hand of Holbein ever drew. Even Accident, or her semblance, can startle us by picture—"writing on the wall."

The first *time* that we ever paid particular attention to these freaks of fresco-painting, was in our childhood; the first *place* where they attracted our notice was (must we confess it?) in a church. It was in the church of "our village," the village of Thistlefield, wherein, as with a thousand others in the days when we were young, Damp and Decay, Mould and Mildew were the chief occupants of the pews, preached silent homilies from the pulpit, and reigned rampant, in all imaginable shapes, upon the walls. Their ancient dominion was, it is true, disturbed,—in fact, overwhelmed,—at distant intervals, by the plasterer's brush and sweeping inundations of white or yellow wash; but, however extinguished for awhile, that Imagery of Accident would for ever reappear, like ghosts refusing to be laid, or bloodstains refusing to be washed out. How well do we remember that sacred interior, both in its common aspect of "green and yellow melancholy," tears of dampness trickling down its face, and when (rare occasions) its features were hidden, as by a pocket-handkerchief of spotless white. We have spoken in a general way of the "face" or faces of the walls, but it was with certain faces *upon* them that we used to exchange (so it seemed to us) furtive glances every sabbath-day, excepting of course those few "Whit-" (or White) Sundays which followed on the washings. There was in particular a remarkable group, both of faces and figures, which, as if by some peculiar fascination, was for ever drawing our eyes from off our Prayer-book. The first picture of a dragon we ever saw was in the family Bible, over against a red-lined, red-lettered page of "Revelations;" the next was on the parti-coloured church-wall, just opposite our *standing* on a mouldy hassock in the family pew. There it was, a great, gaping, greedy-looking monster, imaged in blackish-green mould upon the whited wall. And if ever we saw a pair of

white-faced fugitives fleeing from the gulf of a dragon's open jaws, it was as depicted, white upon a green ground, in a contiguous portion of the same humid surface.

We have sometimes wondered since, whether that piece of portentous imagery ever attracted the notice of any eye but our own in the sparse congregation of Thistlefield Church? The respectable churchwardens, whose eyes, when open, were always, to all appearance, fixed on their books or their minister, were, one would suppose, the last people in the world to let them wander profanely after "images." If, however, those drowsy guardians of the church's purity ever *did* perceive those awful shadows,—which, by the way, looked *them* also in the face,—some dreamy consciousness *might* have come across them that the green dragon personified the devil, or, the same to them, a new order of things, the pale-faced fugitives none other than themselves. No wonder, in that case, at their spasmodic efforts (sole attempts at church renovation) to put out with whitewash those frescoed apparitions,—prophetic messengers to warn them, as if by hand-writing on the wall, that their reign of somnolent neglect was coming to an end.

Accident at play with floating particles of congou or souchong, turns them into imagery within the circle of a teacup. Imagery this, to which augury once belonged—tea-table augury,—almost as obsolete now as its classic pattern and precursor of the altar. With some of us, however, the scroll of memory is quite long enough, if we would but confess it, to display, at its commencing end, some pictured reminiscence associate with sibylline tea-leaves and a sibyl expositor. It assumes, most likely, the figure of some nursery Pythoness, of the ancient type, her tripod, with a leg extra, the nursing chair.* She is twirling the cup of fortune, or giving forth her oracles from configurations dimly discernible within. One individual of this departed race we can vividly and fondly recall: she was a faithful servant, if not always a faithful prophetess, now long silent in the grave. Good, conscientious soul! how careful was she in her significant notices of teacup Imagery, to point out to our dawning observation *only* such innocent images as consorted with our innocent age: these were, for

* See Tail-piece.

the most part, white lambs and doves pastured and wooded in hyson-green (nurse took a mixture), or, at worst, nothing more wicked than great ugly crows feathered in congou-black, and bearing in their talons little stalkish stiff-backed children who wouldn't say their prayers. Our sibyl had, however, a second most attentive listener and devout believer in her prophetic expositions,—that was the nursemaid, and for *her* exclusive benefit she would sometimes exhibit, with mysterious commentary, and indulgent, patronizing smile, certain other hieroglyphics of a less immaculate description. With these *we*, of course, had, or *should* have had, nothing in the world to do, but, for that very reason, we soon learnt to distinguish them above all others. We would often, for instance, hurry the tip of our little fore-finger over effigy of bird and beast, and of infantile subjects, delinquent or meritorious, to point it steadily at a thin dark gentleman, in stalks of tea, kneeling, on his stilts, before a fair young lady, in leaf-dust embroidery of the same. “Bless the child! now isn't it a quick un?” would then exclaim the alarmed prophetess, suddenly withdrawing the cup, and drowning the objects of our precocious perception with hot water from the kettle. Dear old friend! gone to the reward of her faithful stewardship, much we owed her, and much we owe her still: *this*, not the least, that in having taught us to see, *sometimes*, figures in the teacup, she must have first awoke in us the faculty (now revived from a long slumber) of seeing, *always*, “Faces in the Fire.” Perhaps, now we think of it, old nurse and the nursery teacup had something to do also with our early and ill-timed observation of church-wall images, the damp dragon at their head. The gift of vision which made those fantastic frescoes apparent, was certainly a questionable benefit as concerns, at all events, the instance of the dragon's apparition. Even *that*, though, we might possibly have turned to better account than we did, as well as a thousand early perceptions (unimproved) of better things.

Well, “Accident,” that fairy-like phantom, or that something or nothing that bears the name, has led us a pretty chase,—perhaps a wild-goose one, after all! Glimpses we have undoubtedly seemed to catch of her; that, not only amidst those random-looking combinations which would seem, on the face of them, her very own; but also as the seeming producer of *forms* in frag-

ments, chance resemblances to shapes, come indisputably of Design. We have pursued her (never quite certain of her presence) from a sphere of the widest circumference to one of the most contracted; from the grandest to the most grotesque of her questionable vagaries; from the shapings of an earth, residuum of subsiding seas, to the shaping of tiny men and women in the residuum of exhausted teacups. Having thus tracked, or *tried* to track her, to the fireside, we shall plunge after her (all but *bodily*) into the Fire. In its chaotic realms of light and shadow we may find her reigning, a very Titania or Queen Mab, or, just as likely, may find reason to deny her supremacy, if not her presence, in the grate. At all events, we shall discern within the bars a vivid Imagery, to which all that above spoken of is cold, lifeless, imperfect, and infrequent.



THE WEAVER, 1810.

THE FIRE IN A NEW LIGHT.

What is Fire?—Fire pre-eminently a Source of Life.—An Emblem of Life.—Stages of Life and Fire Correspond.—Functions of Life represented by Fire.—States of Fire analogous to States of Mind.—The “Professions” of Life symbolized by Fire.—Fire, a Grand Repository of Types and Figures.—The Fire of the Hearth.—What it is.—The Fireside a Winter Garden.—A Helicon and Parnassus in the Grate.—A Vital Element of Fire as yet ignored.—Imagery of the Grate.—Live Coals and Faces in the Fire.—The Fire a Household God and Household Slave.—The Fire in a New Light.—The Fire a “Good Master” of Art.—A Wondrous Oversight.—The Adam of Art.—The Oldest of the Old Masters, and the First of Modern Artists.—The only Legitimate Art Idol.—A Title to Immortality swallowed up of Life.—Anticipated Atonement for astounding Neglect.—Fiery Genius under non-appreciation.—Burning on, calmly brilliant.—Growing dull and low.—Fretting and Fuming.—Rising superior to Neglect.—A Temporary Taking Down.—The “Art Idol” an Art Teacher.—Art Schools for Everybody.—An Affiche.—Fire in Art, and Art in Fire.—A Flaming Prospectus.—A Curiosity of its Kind.



WINTER EXHIBITION, HOUSE OF LIVING ARTS.

THE HOUSE OF LIVING ARTS.

THE HOUSE OF LIVING ARTS.

THE HOUSE OF LIVING ARTS.

THE HOUSE OF LIVING ARTS.

THE FIRE IN A NEW LIGHT.

“ Hail, active Nature’s watchful life and health,
 Her joy and ornament and wealth !
 Hail to thy husband Heat and thee !
 Thou the world’s beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he !”
Cowley.

“ By nature’s aid let art supply
 With light and heat our little sphere ;
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and heap it high,
 Light up an ‘ Exhibition’ there !”

COWLEY’S verse, addressed to Light and Heat, separately, applies almost as well to Fire,—light, and heat, in conjunction. But how more particularly shall we describe fire? Science tells us but by halves. Science may pronounce it a fluid, solar, electric, or distinct from each; but, after all, fire is a source and combination of light and heat, about which philosophers as well as poets, the learned as well as the simple, must confess themselves somewhat in the dark.

There is, however, no obscurity attached to certain properties or attributes of fire; and of these, one in particular is conspicuous as its parental sun at unclouded noon. This is, that, in being a source of light and heat, it is also a source (a secondary source) of *life*,—a producing agent and cherisher of *life*

consuming even lifeless matter (say dead wood and dry coal), only to give them, in their released constituents, the capability to *live* again.

Then, for figuring *life* and every form of it, from its divine essence downwards, fire is the type of types. It is an image, to the very life, of *life* itself,—an emblem vivid, universal, true—true as the page of truth, which so constantly displays it, to enlighten, animate, and cheer us.

And equally correspondent, universal, and true,—true again as the page of truth, that exhibits it for our warning,—is the same emblem of fire in its opposite character of destroyer: a symbol *then* of the *light* that is darkness, and of the *life* that is death.

Again, from what element but fire do we draw the images, and borrow the terms, most vividly descriptive of *life*, through its natural stages, from the kindling of its nascent *spark*, up to its noon-day *blaze*, on to its smouldering *decline*, down to its *flicker* and *extinction*?

Even in what we may call its constitution and vital functions there is a similitude *more* than emblematic betwixt the life of fire and the life of sentient being. See how fire pulsates, breathes, and dies (with us) for lack of air.

Or, suppose we want epithets to express, not stages of the outer life, but states, moods of the inner, living man, let these be *sparkling*, *melting*, *aspiring*, *burning*, *raging*; look how Fire helps us, better than Johnson, to describe them to the very life.

Nay, there is hardly even one of the leading employments or professions of *life* to which there is not a something symbolically analogous in *fire*.

The poet, for instance, dips his pen, the painter his pencil, in “fire.” The soldier—*fire* (moral and material) is the element he breathes.

Then, for law, physic, and divinity. The lawyer feeds his household fire with the “best Wallsend,” by keeping the fire of discord endlessly alive. The physician?—what the main branches of his art, but to quench the *fire* of fever, or to make the *fire* of life kindle again? The divine?—he may not be a “flaming fire” or a shining light; but the “flaming sword” and “fiery tongue” are ever the sacred emblems of his calling, to say nothing of the “brands” which it is his business to snatch (if it may be) from the burning.

Fire is, in short, a grand depository of images, figures, types; and lively ones, thence derived or derivable, are no less numerous than the aspects of life, natural, spiritual, social, individual, to which they correspond.

But *the* fire!—the dear familiar fire, that lights up our hearth, and faces round it! What is *that* to you, and me, and all of us, who have a fire (God help, and we too, those who have none!) to call their own? Nobody,—nobody, at least, except dwellers between the tropics and patrons of Arnott stoves,—need be told that the fire which looks out at us so cheerily from the bars is the companion of the solitary, the comforter of the sad, the enlivener of the dull, the magnet of social attraction, the pivot and cherisher of tender recollections; in a word, the sun (when the summer sun is wanting) of every domestic system: hence its very *life*; not forgetting its vulgar but particularly *vital* uses, as roaster of the joint, and boiler of the kettle.

It is chiefly in the air and sunshine, amidst the storms and even frosts (moral as well as natural) of the “wide wide world,” that we must exhibit the *fruitage* of our lives; but the *flowerage* whence it comes,—*that*, nine times out of ten, has been expanded in the genial glow of the fireside. Our blossoms of design and will are, Heaven knows, no more all beautiful than their succeeding fruits of act and deed are all good and wholesome; but then they are our *own*. As such, they are apt to be, in winter especially, prodigious pets; petted then, like the plants in our windows, or as our children, lapdogs, or grimalkins, with feet on fender before the fire. Who, after this fashion, has not nursed, time after time, and turn by turn, some *glowing* resolve, some *brilliant* expectation, some *ardent* love, some (who knows?) *burning* hate,—efflorescences of the inner *life*, brought out by the blaze, while it warms the outer man? If thoughts were visible, splendid would be the shows, displayed by firelight, of mental grandifloras, destined (how many?) to drop and fade, fruitless to all seeming, as cinders on the hearth.

Then for flowers of fancy, or imagination, those of that Iris family which for the most part fade and fall as soon as formed, but whose fruit, *when* matured, is the poem, the picture, or the statue;—for expansion of these, what the fervent children of the South owe to their glowing suns and brilliant skies, do we,

children of the North, owe, in at least half-year measure, to our glowing fires. Poet of the pen or pencil, is it not the truth? Have you not often, without stirring from your chair, climbed a Parnassus in a mountain of burning coal, and drunk, without blistering your throat, from a Helicon of spouting flame? And—poet, painter, sculptor, nay philosopher—see you not even in the smoke (provided it goes duly up your chimney!), in the wreaths of smoke, cloudy, weak, and wavering, full of the earthy, yet attendant on the ever-mounting blaze, a faithful image (if not a *lively* one) of the wavering, obscurity, and grossness which accompany your *ardent* aspirations after the lofty, the beautiful, the pure!

But no generalities will serve to define exactly what the fire,—your, or my, or his, or her fire,—is to each of us, because it bears with each an aspect presenting as many varieties as the shapes of our several shadows, when thrown, say by fire-light, on a wall. Like other of life's possessions, our own fire and fire-side are more to us, or less, or bear a value of some peculiar stamp correspondent with our individual character, as modified by constitution, culture, age, and social position. One may venture, however, the general affirmation that if there is a man living "with soul so dead" that he can warm nothing but his body at his household fire, he deserves to be thrown bodily upon it, or—better!—to be made to change places with the houseless wanderer, asleep in a snowdrift, and dreaming (his last dream!) of a fire-side. The above are attributes of *vitality*, both inherent and communicable, such as are commonly felt, if not so commonly acknowledged, to belong to the fire. But besides these, there is existent in every receptacle for coal or wood, when kindled, another element (shall we call it?) of a totally different, yet superlatively *vital* sort. It at once represents life, and tends to impart of *life* or liveliness to every sitter, never, if once awakened to its presence, to be again a nodder, over the domestic hearth. Well, but to represent life and to impart of liveliness are only amongst those acknowledged attributes of fire we have just been noticing. True, but the vital and vitalizing capabilities to which we are now alluding, are, as we have said, of a completely different description. Now, dealers in laughing gas,—dabblers in chemical experiment, look not grave with apprehension, nor put on

a smile incredulous. It is not our purpose to dull your trade, if not already exploded, nor to anticipate your discoveries, if ever to be made. It is no new chemical product that we have drawn, or propose drawing, from the carbon in the grate or the fire which consumes it. The product of vitality,—to the extraction, if not discovery of which, we, with diffidence, lay claim,—*lives* only in the vivid imagery of the grate, in Live Coals and life-like Faces in the Fire. For these and their exhibition in due time; but first, we must redeem the pledge given in the title of this chapter, to show up their producer, the fire, in a new light.

We shall begin by viewing it (*i. e.* the domestic fire) under an aspect of *personality*. In this there may be nothing absolutely new; but it is under what we believe to be a novel *character* that we shall proceed to regard the friendly element, or elementary friend, of our winter enjoyment. We all, each after our manner, are worshippers of this household friend as a household god, always heaping of our sacrificial substance on his iron altar,—some with a willing and generous, some with a niggard and selfish hand. But, even while in this we treat him as a deity, we regard and use him as a slave, a perfect drudge of all work. For board and wages we give him fuel, more or less bad or good, and for character we give him that (undoubtedly deserved) of an “excellent servant;” we also pronounce him (as well we may) “a bad master.” Now, it is not merely as a good *servant*, ministering to our domestic entertainment in a new capacity, that we are about to recommend the domestic fire. We would also make him known, probably for the first time, as a good, a superlatively good *master*. But in so calling him, we use the appellation in a sense altogether different from that in which it is usually applied to the slave of the grate, when, bursting from his iron bars, he rises (after the manner of slaves in general) into a raging tyrant, a terrible destroyer of property and life. For a “master” of a perfectly opposite description would we have him recognized,—as an agent, not of destructive, but of creative power,—as, in short, a Master of Art, of the fine arts—sculpture and painting. “Sculpture! painting! how absurd!” cries one;—“How ridiculous!” another;—“Well, I never!” simpers a third;—“If I ever!” chimes in a fourth; while a fifth, less ready than the rest to set

down the strange as incredible, and the new as nonsensical, is content to exclaim, half-wondering, half-doubting, "How extraordinary!" Yes, it *is* extraordinary; never was anything more wonderful than that, from nobody knows how long up to the present day, the brilliant qualifications of fire in an artistic light, and of *the* fire in particular, should have been totally overlooked! It is a wonder which began to dawn on us with our nascent perceptions of the lively imagery *always* exhibited in the grate; and wonder rises towards the zenith of perfect astonishment, as these, our perceptions, open wider and wider with our admiring eyes. What in the world has all the world been about, to have been talking, at least for centuries, of "the old masters," and to have been saying nothing, *seeing* nothing of the most ancient master of them all—the Adam of art, the fiery fountain from which, depend upon it! the first of human artists drank inspiration? And what are we about now, to be digging, and raking, and patching, and varnishing, and crying and buying up the doubtful productions, in sculpture and painting, of those same "old masters" of "the schools," and still to be saying nothing, seeing nothing, of the works, alike indisputable and inimitable, of the great sculptor and painter of "the grates"—at once the most ancient of masters and the first of modern artists. This certainly is miraculous indeed!

But of what avail are superlatives of wonder at the world's open-eyed blindness? The object is to cure it, or to enable it to cure itself. Of what use are lamentations over the cruel neglect experienced (in common with many other minor geniuses) by that ardent genius we cannot cramp, and only half imprison by the bars? It is a worthier homage to his surpassing excellence to bring it (better late than never!) into notice, and, if possible, to persuade the world, for its own benefit, to assign him his proper place. *That* is not simply above the hearth. No, never think it! It is on the highest pinnacle of the temple of art. Or, as the only legitimate art-idol, let him be set upon its high altar, there to be "kept up" for ever by ardent worshippers of *fire-artistic*. But, something more irresistible than even fire itself would seem requisite to thaw people into the belief that fire of an *artistic* sort is really existent, out of themselves, in an elementary and primary shape. This is the grand

difficulty,—so great, that we almost shrink from trying to overcome it. Yet, warmed by our subject and object, difficulties melt before us. One only seems insoluble; it is, that in the very highest excellence of our fiery genius, there exists a stumbling-block to his ever being appreciated as he *ought*. *Supreme* honours, both of artship and idolship, as of saintship, are, as everybody knows, chiefly accorded to the *dead*. Now, fire is, as above exemplified, almost synonymous with *life*. Viewed, therefore, as a master of art, ancient or modern,—in the grate or in a wider sphere,—we must confess him to be an essentially *living* artist. Hence his claim to be worshipped as an art-idol,—or, what is much the same, to be ranked foremost amongst the dead “Old Masters,”—becomes extinct, his title to “immortality” being thus, as it were, consumed by his own ever-living flame. For this reason, we can scarcely expect more than to obtain for him a first place in the secondary, because *living*, rank of artists. With this, however, we may be content, because (to the credit of the present age) even *living* genius receives, in occasional instances, more notice and reward than it used to do. Works of art are open nowadays to the common eye and common voice. These have done something, and will do much more, towards correction of the eye and voice conventional. Nor, happily, have we now at the head of the realm and the Royal Academy a sovereign who hates “Boetry and Bainting too.”* Thus both *living* literature and *living* art are rising into favour. If, therefore, the public eye can but once be made perceptive of that brilliant imagery, which must really have dazzled it into blindness, the public voice may at last make partial atonement to the yet more brilliant, the superlatively brilliant artist by whom it is produced.

Sometimes, as we sit before the fire,—that is, before the matchless productions therein always progressing or complete—the “master” himself in presence amidst them,—we fancy (no, it is certainly reality) that we can see and hear him give unmistakable expression to his burning sense of our neglect. He, at all events, reflects precisely in his fluctuating aspects the variable moods of slighted

* This is an expression attributed by Hogarth to George II.; on that monarch’s declining to patronize his picture of “The March to Finchley,” that (or the engraving from it) was dedicated in consequence to the King of Prussia.

genius, as exhibited more or less openly amongst men. Our fire is good, burning calm and clear, all the brighter for the frost without. Then, to be sure, is he (the art genius) evidently in a corresponding temper. Cheerful and radiant, silent but rejoicing, he is employed on works which glow beneath his ruddy touches. Does he care for the neglect of his *unobservant* observers? Not he! As well ask his parent Sun, if *he* cares when we (the little baskers in his beams) are unheedful of his glorious productions!

But the Sun even has, besides its spots, its eclipses and eclipsing clouds. The fire is eclipsed, half-extinguished by fresh-thrown coals, half-shrouded by clouds of smoke. It is dark, dead, almost out, through being forgotten too long; and our genius of the fire, as if he were only a poor genius of humanity, seems "put out" too. His works of sculpture and painting are all buried; his flame chisels and pencils are all idle; as if that ardent spirit were extinguished for ever, as well as dulled and chilled by the careless indifference of the world.

Our fire is reviving. It fumes, frets, splutters, scolds! But such undignified demonstrations of returning life can never be proceeding from our great art genius! else he must have lost a measure of his greatness. More likely he has fled the grate! Nay, there we see him resuming his artistic labours; and while he works, he seems to be fretfully complaining that there is nobody noticing, or likely to notice, what he is about. But now, the fire has "got up" in earnest! So has the master, to show, in a style more worthy of himself, his sense of non-appreciation. Masterpieces of art start up momentarily under his fingers of flame; and as he plies them, he roars and flashes like an injured Apollo, borrowing the thunder and lightning of Jove. But halt! We are, like our fiery genius, going, not too far or fast either, but a great deal farther and faster than anybody is, as *yet*, prepared to follow us. We must rein up, lower our tone, as in truth our painter (in the grate) is beginning to do himself. Be it also remembered, that genius, like other lofty presences, must stoop to enter at low doors; must descend, for common notice, towards the common level; must often step down, in order to step up into its proper place. Now, the ever-mounting genius of the grate cannot or will not descend to such debase-

ments in his own behalf. Therefore we, for the sake of society and posterity, shall do something like it by him. We shall take him down, reverently, from what we have declared to be his proper place or places. We shall lift him from the high altar of the Temple of Art, where, veiled in clouds, not *yet* of incense, but of smoky obscurity, he sits, an art idol, *waiting* worship. We shall depose him gently from the lofty pedestal whereon, hidden in like manner, he stands, an art master, *waiting* recognition, and make him figure, just for the present, in the capacity, at once high and humble, of an art-teacher to "the million;" also to the thousands, inclusive of "the upper ten;" in short, to Everybody. But, how get Everybody or Anybody to attend him?—nay, not simply to *attend*, since that has been done for ages; but to pay him due *attention* in his million grated studii, which may as well be written "Schools." In what form most forcible, as well as appropriate, shall we invite people to become his pupils? Let us think. Ah! now we have it. We see, as we are pondering with feet upon the fender, a "stranger,"—more properly, a black banner fluttering on the bar. It suggests the notion of an *affiche*. As it scintillates with sparks, it looks like a black handbill, printed with letters of fire. And what more suitable than a sparkling or flaming advertisement to publish the overlooked excellences we would bring to light, with the proposals and promises, as made *for* him, of the consummate art-teacher living in everybody's fire. Those promises, it is true, are to be fulfilled! Those proposals will not prove pretences!—conditions perfectly unheard of in advertising practice! Still, there is nothing like "*flame*" in *print*, for catching hold upon the public eye and mind. It is a thousand times more irresistible than *fire in art*, and, strange to say, a thousand times more striking than has proved, hitherto, *art in fire*. An advertisement, therefore, shall first blazon it abroad; and as for "at home," we only wish it could be hung over every hearth in the world, like that little black banner, still fluttering over ours. To make this advertisement the more "taking," at least in England, we shall take the liberty of foreignizing the name of our supposed illustrious advertiser, who is, in fact, a citizen of the world.

English Sculpture and Painting are, as already acknowledged, recipients

nowadays of a few beams from the sun of native patronage. Nevertheless, to put in plain English, "Fire," *the* "Fire," or "Mr. Fire," in the light of a first-rate master, professor, exhibitor, teacher, or anything else of anything, would look, on the first blush or flush of it, simply absurd. To show up the Fire, or the art-genius within it, in either or all of the above capacities, as "*Le Feu*," or *Il Fuoco*, or *Monsieur le Feu*, or *Signor del Fuoco*, looks quite another thing,—a thing almost certain to ensure him favour (not that he himself cares for it!) in favour of his name. "*Le Feu*," then, let it be, and thus runs his *affiche* :—

"Monsieur le Feu, R.A.A. (of the Radiant Academy of Apollo) and P.P. (sole Professor of Pyro-Plastigraphy) stoops to call the attention of an *undiscerning* public to his matchless exhibitions in the pyro-plastic and graphic art,—an art in which sculpture and painting are combined after an original and admirable manner. His only object in this appeal is to become in his art-capacity what he has been for innumerable ages in others, the great warmer and enlivener of the human race.

"Present at the same time in a thousand open studii, the Professor is always to be seen (though he never *has* been!) engaged on inimitable imitations, or more properly original models and pictures of living forms, chiefly the human. These, under the Promethean touches of the master, are all, each in its turn, seen to glow and breathe with 'life' of his imparting. On account of his always visible presence amidst his works, while working on and within them, the exhibitions of *Le Feu* are not merely shows of art-productions, but also of producing art. They are, in fact, schools, which only want scholars, to become of vital importance, and to eclipse totally every other art-school, both of former ages and the present day. They are schools, moreover, in which 'the school-master is not only always at home,' but always at home with everybody by the household hearth! a fact this which everybody must admit, as soon as their eyes are opened to his presence. The Professor's pupils (in perspective) are thus afforded opportunities always at hand, only waiting to be embraced, for becoming intimately acquainted with his peculiar styles and manner of manipulation.

"M. le Feu will only state in conclusion, that, though the tardy reception

of his instructions, so long slighted, must reflect the most brilliant advantages on his pupils, it will not be attended by a spark of benefit to himself!"

Thus much for our Professor's prospectus. As its publisher, it becomes our business, as it is our pleasure, to furnish proof, or to put our readers in a way of proving for themselves, that it is a curiosity of its kind; that it is, in fact, a perfect unique,—an advertisement which, though "ventilating" an excellence of Fire, has nothing about it of a "flare-up;" a prospectus which, though in a manner associated with smoke, is far too empty of pretence to deserve the name of puff!



THE DISTRICT OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

THE FIRE AN EXHIBITOR.

Invitation to an Uninviting Fireside.—The Grate a Grated Studio.—The Artist and his Material.—“Chips of the Old Block” and Blockish Faces.—Is “Accident” amidst the Coals?—Primitive Sculptures.—A Stiff-necked Pharaoh and Shrinking Satellite.—Tabular Carvings of Cleavage, or Rude Sculptures in Raw Coal.—Likenesses—like What?—Prevalent Forms in Fire-lit Fragments.—A Curious Correspondence.—Strange Company brought together.—A Mexican Idol and a Modern Housekeeper.—Hard Subjects.—“Bits” of Coal Statuary as distinct from “Bits” of Tabular Carving.—Heads Uppermost and Predominant.—Primitive Art mocked by Accident?—A Memnonic Head.—A Sphinx-like Fragment.—A Feline Fragment.—A Line unbroken of broken Kings.—Hints for Historic Illustration.—Was Monarchy founded upon Coal?—“Accident” out-Warwicks Warwick.—A Pharisaic Fragment.—“Shivers” of Cold Coal.—A Mixed Company.—A Striking Resemblance that has Struck Nobody.—Prompters to Imitative Art.—Sculptures Frequent in the Rock.—Sculptures Constant in the Coal.—Primitive Productions of “Accident” and Art.—A Light Surmise on Solid Bases.—Earliest Art of Direct Inspiration.—The Heathen and his Night Fire.—The First-seen Image.—The First-carved Idol.—“Accident” at variance with Herself.—An Artistic Purveyor.



If I share of a heart, I'd grate
 Black, from the taty, cold, and shining,
 If, I am, I'd, exhibits forms
 If not designed, meet for designing

THE FIRE AN EXHIBITOR.

“The chaos of a fresh-filled grate,
Black, fragmentary, cold, and shining,
By flame lit up, exhibits forms,
If not *design'd*, meet for *designing*.”

THE above lines describe in a general way the aspect of the Fire before which we invite our friends to be seated. It is an aspect more chilly than cheerful—that must be confessed; but never mind; a warm welcome may atone for a cold hearth; and the hearth itself is in a fair way of growing warmer. What is most to our immediate purpose, the chaos of Coal before us, though hardly yet *alive* (only *illuminated*) affords already some unquestionable evidence of the Fire's illustrative capacity. Though displayed, as yet, in a somewhat negative manner, it produces abundance of positive *effect*.

Now then, let us shut our eyes on the vulgar ironwork of Coalbrookdale in its common capacity of grate, and open them wide on the grated front of M. Le Feu's open studio, where, mind, he has just been supplied with fresh material for the exercise of his art. This has been spoken of as twofold, embracing sculpture and painting. More properly it is *compound*—an art *sui generis*, in which sculpture and painting are combined,—mingled by our pyrographic Professor in a

manner peculiar to himself. His *modus operandi*, as well as his productions, are, however, so greatly correspondent to the workings and works of the chisel and pencil, that terms applied to these can alone describe them. But now to observation, steady, sober observation, through the medium simply of our sight, with a polite refusal of the coloured eye-glass which Fancy, likely enough, may be holding out to us. Thus, determined to see only what is to be seen, let us look at Le Feu's treatment of the blocks and slabs devoted to his use. He has seized on a few, and his flame, plying already as a chisel upon *them*, serves as a flambeau to illuminate the rest. The artist seems examining the texture and quality of the substance he is about to work on,—those portions of it which are left at present only raw and dead. But as the light is thrown upon them, glancing here, glancing there, an *appearance* of life sparkles upon every fragmentary shape. Each seems ready—yes, and *willing*—to show what it is made of, flaws inclusive, to the “Master” who is going to mould it into something better than its present self. And what are the shapes, exactly as they are now, presented by these simply illuminated bits of coal? What *should* they be but those exclusively their own?—for what forms can possibly belong to them but the forms of shapeless fragments? Chips as they are from a very old block, what are they likely to be like except the block they came from? Their faces, as is not uncommon with blockish families of higher extraction, are, for the most part, broad and flat. Yet some of them are distinguished by features that are high and sharp, strongly lined as well as strongly lighted. Such as they are, faces and features of these yet “dead” coals, the Fire in the grate—that is, the great Le Feu—has had no hand in them, only to show them up. The tools of the mine and the cellar, and the hands that wielded them, are alone answerable, with that heavy old block paternal, for all the defects—some perhaps convertible into excellences—of the little blocks before us. Nay, but there is something else which has had to do—*most* to do, *seemingly*—with these rough hewings for the sculptures of Le Feu. That something or somebody, till proved nothing or nobody, is our old sprite “Accident.” We see her, at this moment, unless we are mistaken, perched on that pyramid of smoking coals. Now, talking of “pyramids” one could fancy—pshaw! away with *Fancy*—we



THE FINEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD T.
194

certainly *perceive*, on the surface of an illuminated slab, some figures that look like hieroglyphics; yes, exactly like the hieroglyphic characters of Egyptian sculpture. It is only to look at them to confess them facsimiles—*all but*—of those primitive images of Man such as he has graven of himself on the granites of old Egypt. See there (Plate IX.) the effigy, good enough for burning, of a seated king, a stiff-backed, stiff-necked Pharaoh, on a throne of correspondent character. If this regal and rigid atomy had only been found, precisely as we see it, on the lid of a sarcophagus instead of on the face of a coal, none but possibly the learned, would have wondered how it got there. *They* might have been puzzled on finding a rilievo where they only looked for intaglii, but to common observers this pigmy representative of Coptic rule might neither have appeared out of time nor place. His most upright Majesty is, be it observed, raised, only a little, from the surface of the block, and sunk below it, also but a little, there appears before him a creature, clearly his own, kneeling as humbly as his knees permit. What is his business in the royal presence? If a fragment of exhumed and sculptured granite were the object of scrutiny, to what a multitude of profound speculations would this simple inquiry give rise! But as we have nothing in hand—that is to say, in view—but a fragment of exhumed and shattered coal, it would be only simply absurd to speculate at all about the *meaning* of what is figured on its surface. If, as would appear on the face of it, *Accident* alone brought these semblances of sovereign and satellite here together, and here at all, they can have no business whatever with one another. If, on the contrary, the subordinate personage had been brought before the principal by the chisel of *Design*, the relation of the two would have been at least easy to guess at. The former, we should have said, was intended to represent a culprit, or, just as likely and nearly the same, a counsellor, in presence of a master bent, in his rigidity, on taking no counsel but his own.

So much for slab number one of this primitive Coal-sculpture, or the fracture which looks so like it. Can we, amidst the confusion of our artist's studio, lay hold, without injury to our fingers! of a number two? Yes, certainly, and on numbers three and four, with at least a dozen more. They are to be seen, now we *search* for them, "plain as the nose on the face" of that great

king which has started out, only this moment, to look down upon the little one, to beard him in his own poor dominion of a slaty coal (Plate IX.). But we must remember how soon the flambeau of our "master" will be turned into a chisel; let us be speedy, therefore, in snatching from his rough entablatures some few other of the original figurings which will soon be effaced, or transformed into figures of his own. Nay, but this drawing even from *dead* coals, as merely lighted into liveliness, is of the things easier to talk of than to do,—shapes are so mingled with the shapeless on those shining surfaces, and they crowd so fast upon the eye, coming and going in the flicker of the blaze. In this tabular carving, or what is struck off, by "Accident," to resemble it, see how rilievi and intaglii of every degree, alto, basso, mezzo,—how imagery of every description, faint, forcible, rude, delicate, everything but perfect (yet sometimes approaching it), is seen to stand out, or shrink in, on the faces of these illuminated blocks. What all these likenesses are like, there is scarcely now time to notice, much less to describe. But what in a general way *should* they resemble? Why, if Accident can hit upon likenesses at all, they must be, one would think, likenesses of *anything*—no matter what! Yes, one would suppose so; *mais nous verrons*; perhaps we shall discover on further notice that even in this carving of coal by cleavage (or, say, by Accident) there is usually a something that *happens* to resemble selection—selection of subjects. Nay, never laugh! We have not said, mind, that anything of the sort is really existent, only that an *appearance* of it certainly *is*.

As we pursue our observations on the imagery of the grate, whether the original, of Accident, or the remodelled, by Le Feu, it will become quite evident,—clearly beyond dispute,—that there is apparent, amidst all its disorder, a touch of the *orderly*, with many touches of the *prevailing*. Whenever we are presented amidst fire-lit or fiery fragments with a simulative *form*, we shall find it to image almost invariably some form of *Life*. Ten or twenty to one but this will be a form, more or less perfect, of the *Life human*; and amidst these effigies of man, curiously predominant are those which

"The likeness of a kingly crown have on."





MAX JAY GOULD AND MAXWELL ROSENBERG
P. 17

We shall often have occasion to notice a *prevailing* resemblance, however accidental, betwixt the first shattery similitudes of Sculpture upon Coal, and the first rude Sculptures of Antiquity,—this in style and character, and even in subject, as just exemplified in our number one (Plate X.). It must, however, be acknowledged, that amongst the stiff angular figures, figured commonly on the faces of raw coal, there are not a few which would look strangely “out of keeping” on the walls of an Egyptian tomb or Assyrian palace. These would scarcely, though, seem worse assorted, amidst the company they would meet with in such grand old places, than they often do with their own associates on the same little carbonaceous block. As for “keeping,” *that* is for ever being laughed at by Design,—who then can wonder that Accident should do the same? And in truth, Accident, or something like her, *does* bring strange company together *in* the fire, as well as by the fireside. For an example, let us turn again to our heap of intaglii and rilievi, as still *exhibited* only by the approaching flame. Ah! there’s the very thing! (Plate XI.) Look at that head and shoulders,—would they not, colossalized, do excellent museum-duty for those of an idol of antiquity? not exactly Assyrian, nor Egyptian, but rather Indian or Mexican. Yes, that grim visage belongs, or *might* do, to a Mexican idol. And close by, as if in its horrible embrace, stands a half-length modern figure, with something however of the antique and grim about it,—something also like an image; and it *is* the “very image,” we are certain, of some real Somebody we have somewhere seen. Yes, now we remember, it’s the very counterpart of the superior portion, (if any such belongs to her?) of old Miss Saveallina, or is it Evangelina? Smith, of Barley-corn House, Brompton. She has lived for many years on lodgers,—boarded on boarders,—but has fallen, of late, into something like atrophy and decay. She has been declining sensibly ever since she lost “the most generous of gentlemen, most pious of preachers (so she once called him) that ever entered her ‘establishment;’ but he went over, like a perfidious pervert,—that was her comparison,—to fat Mrs. Puffiman’s, over the way. He was attracted, she assured us, by nothing better, (for Mrs. P. was old enough to be her mother,) by nothing better than the scarlet of her drawing-room curtains and the

shine of her silver candlesticks (only plated, after all!) set in the winder just a-purpose (so declared Miss Evangelina) to ketch his h'eye." Now, as one comes to consider them, this blood-thirsty idol of ancient Heathendom and this pelf-thirsty housekeeper of modern Christendom, one begins to doubt if their being associate is a thing so utterly incongruous as it seemed at first sight. Is it really Accident, and nothing else, which has brought them together, in their effigies, to be burnt together in one fire? Talk of their being coupled thus by Accident, why not by Sympathy,—the sympathy of a common delight in human victims? Well, both will soon be victims in their turn; though they are certain, before consummation, to be remodelled by the flame, that is, by the chisel of *Le Feu*. They look hard subjects for improvement, composed as they are seemingly, of slaty, stony anthracite! But there's no telling; one can't always judge by appearances of what is in coals, nor yet in coal images, any more than of what is in the individuals they represent. It is impossible to say of either, that they will not prove convertible, at last, into something good,—worthy at least of notice.

Enough at present for primitive figurings of fracture,—semblances of primitive figures of sculpture,—on the *faces* of illuminated Coal-blocks. It is not now on their surfaces but in the *outlines*, in the *contours* of such blocks and chippings, that we shall look for imagery correspondent, in a measure, with what we have been observing. And no need to look long! rough forms of statuary, one, two, three, with a score besides, challenge our notice, and shall obtain it, as they await, bold as passive, the advancing tool of flame. See how they come out, sharp, dark, decisive, against appropriate backgrounds, crimson, yellow, blue, or grey. How can we have failed till now to distinguish them, or the like of them, from associate shapes that "shape have none"? They all,—mark,—serve to image more or less strikingly, or to mock, if you will, portions of the form *human*; and what is further noticeable, these are all, without exception, *upper* portions. Singular this, is it not? but it is by no means peculiar to the jumble of simulative fragments now before us, for not in this only, but in almost every toss up or toss down within the grate, *heads*, not *tails*, are uppermost and predominant,—most common, and



THE BODHI TREE AND THE BODHI TREE

just where they are seen commonly in the order of Nature. The wonder is, that their position is but very rarely reversed in the *disorder* of the coals. As for *tails*, it may seem disparaging even to mention them in connection with images of us, Monboddo “monkeys” with no “tails on us” but the tail-ors. True, but we merely meant to remark what you, our observant friends, must in due time notice for yourselves, that the *nether* half of the human animal figures with comparative rarity in the raree-show, sculptural and pictorial, to which we are inviting your attention.

We perceive, as might be expected, a correspondent style of cut, or cleavage, in the objects of our late and present notice. The general likeness is obvious enough betwixt these consequential bits of coal fragments, which stick up, not without some claim, for bits of Statuary, and those bits of somewhat stickish figures which figure *in* and *out* on coal faces, many with the “air” and occasionally “graces” of those seen in tabular carving of the earliest time. Stiffness, hardness, dryness, coldness, are the prevailing characteristics of them both, yet both, like the conventional forms of early Art, often represent forms of life in a very forcible, if not very natural manner. Accident, in her play amongst the coals, be it at surface carving or at statuary, hits often enough on the subjects as well as style of primitive Sculpture. Of this, some tabular examples have been already noticed; here are some others of the less superficial sort.

Look against that fiery distance, or call it desert. Half-intercepting it is a huge head of Memnon, or say Memnonic head (Plate XII.). It is rough-hewn, at least it looks so, in black coal, and it glitters in the blaze just as black granite in the blazing sun. It is somewhat deficient, for a Memnon, in roundness and repose, but roundness it will soon acquire,—repose hardly, from the flame chisel. By some freak of Accident, which savours of Design, it has been provided with a meet companion, in a Sphinx-like fragment. The latter has been only brought to light, just now, through the fall of a superincumbent heap of ashes. If exhumed from a heap of sand, it might have been taken, by the unlearned, for a *fragment of a Sphinx*. Not far off is another head of another colossus, but of a different type, not the

human. It is rough and rude in aspect, and looks as ferocious as a leonine animal should do (Plate XIII.). But that great brutish face seems positively innocent,—lamb-like,—as compared with those of the little brutes who are making game of it. Little *brutes*?—no, they are perfect little imps, and must have lighted their torch of torment at a worse fire than a fire of coals; but call them “brutes,” “imps,” or what you will, they are only, after all,—these little chippings from a coal-block,—like everyday chips from the block of humanity. They have mistaken, evidently, that head of a feline colossus for a head of that nine-lived, nine times pitiable animal, the domestic Cat,—butt of domestic cruelty, for ever being tortured *all but* to the death.

In this coal-statuary, however broken, there is never a break in the line of coal-kings,—a line to which that of Banquo was a brief one! Just look, now, at the chaotic realm bounded by the bars. We have only to look, and behold, sharing a reign if not a rule, a pair of crowned heads (Plate XIV.). A pair? Nay, we see nearer on a half-dozen. Two shall suffice for present illustration. By-and-by—be prepared for it—a heap of royalties, or royal portraitures,—full lengths rarely, halves frequently, busts continually, heads perpetually,—will command our homage. We shall behold them in every cut of crown and countenance ever worn or imputed since Monarchy began. Where unauthenticated portraits are deficient, as in the pre-Williamite period of English history, illustrators of historic volumes, sculptors of historic statues, and painters of historic pictures, instead of merely consulting their *fancies*, would do far better to consult their *fires*. Let them set about it.

Apropos of Monarchy, it would almost seem as if its foundations had been laid deep with the Coal-measures—deep with these rudimental coal-kings. What if these “foundations” were laid originally by revolutionary convulsions of the earth? What if they are liable to be shaken and upheaved by the same, or broken and brought up by the hand of man,—the miner? they are never, mark, likely to be wholly *undermined*. And what if fragments of this royal “foundation” or institute of royalty come in the form of effigies or impresses to be burnt daily in everybody’s fire? They are by this very process not only brought to a new light, but absolutely made alive, and set before the eyes



THE GREAT RED FACE—A SCENE FROM THE STORY OF THE GREAT RED FACE

XIV.



of everybody, if nobody has seen them. For what can they be thus exhibited? Only for ocular demonstration, that the form monarchical is the true form of government, stamped not merely on the *face* of the earth, but on its very heart.

These sovereign coals or coal sovereigns? If after all it is Accident alone that crowns and deposes them, we can only say that she is a king-maker that "out-Warwicks" Warwick in the grate. In very truth though, there is a something in this interminable, however interrupted line of succession (be it from King Block or King Log), which, in the midst of anarchy, looks very much like *Order*—like *Design* we suppose we must not say. Of the "succession" itself there is no doubt. That (dispute it who may!) is an observable fact.

We shall make but a few more selections from the heap of sculptural images now presented to our choice. Here is what we shall call "a group" (Plate XV.), though the figures that compose it look, Heaven knows, dissociate enough. Foremost, arrogantly prominent, is a head, formal and severe, such as might have belonged, so one could fancy, to some Jewish Rabbi. It is no bad effigy, at all events, of a "Master" of riches and repute—a Pharisee, no matter whether called Jew or Christian, whether of ancient or of modern times. Look at that dark, hard profile coming out so clear and sharp against the light behind—a light which, proceeding from, is correspondent with itself. What can be more appropriate than that sheet of whitish flame, all glare and flare and flaunt, with nothing like a glow about it? Notice the sparkle in that cruel-looking little eye; the same in the jewels, or their counterfeits, on that high and wide expanse of chest! Had this been an image of Design, and designed for what it most resembles, a High Priest of Israel, those glittering sparks would have been intended to imitate the precious stones on his sacred breastplate. Accident, however, can only hit upon likenesses in a general way. Perhaps in a general way, the sparkle on that breast of cold coal may happen to image an outward mockery of Heaven's own jewels, absent from the casket made for their reception. That no such jewels are present in the individuals, that is, in the genus figured by this haughty hypocrite, is tolerably clear. See

how he looks up heavenwards,—the Pharisaic sinner! as he looks down on, even while *over-looking*—what? Why that trio of shivery miseries, shivered evidently from the same block, (only perhaps a better part of it,) as himself. He is divided from them by a yawning chasm, which threatens to become a fiery gulf. *But* for the fire, and for thoughts of Lazarus—*not* at the gate of Dives,—those poor shivery things would make one cold to look at them!

Let us turn now from these, and for awhile from the fire also, to review, as a whole, the few pieces of primitive Sculpture, or call it Fracture, here taken from the coal. A queer assemblage they make up—as ill-assorted as if they had been brought from the ends of earth and the ends of time. Prominent and pre-eminent, we have exemplars, a few out of many, of those kingly forms, more or less fragmentary, which are wont to overtop if they do not overrule the rest. Through deposition they have lost in majesty of aspect. But majestic they *did* look in their own realms, when awaiting, in stern, rock-like rigidity, the rising tide of fire or the revolutionary violence of the poker. To these duly subordinate we have rude resemblances or uncouth mockeries of meaner men, varied occasionally by the like of beasts. And amidst this medley, with its strong features of the antique, the grand, and the grotesque, we have a sprinkle of vulgar humanity, just as we see it every day,—shiny-faced portraits—what if they be black?—of common life, already “lively images,” though wanting, as yet, in the life of “Live Coals.”

Here, then, in our little collection from the works, nay—the “sports” of Accident, or her shadow, the ancient and modern, the foreign and familiar, are nearly balanced. But it is not thus that we shall usually find it when searching for forms amidst coal fragments. There is an old-world style about the cut or cleavage or breakage of a dozen to one of them. Hence, in these rude resemblances of Sculpture, the general, and sometimes particular, likeness to sculptures of early Art. The similitude is striking as curious, though it would seem to have struck nobody. Touching it we shall venture a suggestion—perhaps a silly, certainly a bold one,—so let it be prefaced by a modest query. To what did imitative Art owe its birth? or from what source draw its first nourishment? Not, as it would seem, from *living* fountains, unless of fire. From what, to



repeat the inquiry in other words, came the first impetus to imitation? Not from the mere beauty or grandeur of *living* forms. These could scarcely have inspired a desire to imitate them, much less have given a notion of how to set about it. The lover held by popular tradition to have drawn the first portrait, did not trace the likeness of his mistress from her living features, but from their shadow on the wall. It would seem, in short, to have been a necessity, that for inspiration of "the imitative mind" and suggestion of the imitative art, that *specimens* of imitations, or of similitudes resembling them, should be seen. The hand of man being incompetent to their production, it fell on the hand of Nature to provide them. Such seeming *copies* she *did*, in "sport," as we view it, and through the agency of so-called "Accident," place before the eye. They consisted of models and pictures, wrought and painted in various manners and materials, such as those of which "accidental" imagery is made up. Prominent amongst the "curious" likenesses of this description are rude sculptures, or their semblance, in the rock. They are recognized, in some remarkable instances, even now; in early times perhaps much oftener—often enough, it is likely, to make them an alphabet of sculptural art. *That* was the second of an imitative sort, if Architecture also sat in her infancy at the rock's foot, as at that of a nursing mother. This would be to say of the rock that from thence gushed one, at least, of the fountains at which imitative Art first drank. Is it saying too much? Perhaps not. But images in unhewn stone, are they not too rare to have been suggestors of the art of imagery? By no means; nor probably are they rare at all. We believe, on the contrary, that there is scarcely a rough rocky surface which is not a tablet of rude sculptural resemblance, nor yet a detached rocky fragment which would not, from a certain point of view, look like a statuary figure of some designed form. Why do we think so? Because we *see* that it *is* so; not, indeed, on tables or in blocks of *stone*, but on tables and in blocks of *coal*, closely resembling rocks in aspect. Yes, there are always present, and always conspicuous in the fire, an abundance of simulative shapes, such as would have been quite competent to suggest the art of sculpture, if they did not help to do so. Here are our witnesses, taken with their evidence on paper, to corro-

borate the above assertion; and *there*, in the warm witness-box of the grate, are plenty of others that give better testimony to the same effect.

Look at those rockish, blockish bits of effigies,—there, in illuminated but yet lifeless coal,—here, in our copies from the like. Mockeries as they may be of “the human form divine,” struck off, as it would seem, by the hand of “Accident,” do they not image us just as faithfully, and much after the same manner, as the hand of Design, when she began to try it at imitative art,—when her images were yet stiff and stony, unwarmed by the life of nature, as these by the life of fire? And in due course there will appear, amidst the clouds of smoke, a “cloud” of other witnesses, of improved exterior and of like unimpeachable character, and they will tell us more in completion of the same story. It is a story, or call it fable, of how that imitative art first took lessons from notice of “sports of Accident” (were they nothing else?) amongst the rocks; then, of how that she was lighted on her progress, and helped to progression by *taking heed* to a resembling play (of “Accident”) with fire, amidst the coals. Well, tale or fable, let us keep for the present to its beginning, and to the primitive illustrations that belong thereto.

Such imagery as we see, or overlook, in our fires now, must have been present in the fires of ancient time; and how can we be sure that it was not *perceived* then, as well as *perceptible*, say in the fires, the sacred, idolized, for ever contemplated fires of Assyria, Persia, Egypt? The first sculptors of those nations were most likely of their priesthood. And what more likely than Fire, the glorious, beautiful, terrible, mysterious object of their watch and worship, to have impressed its imagery on the sacerdotal eye and mind?

Now we do not mean to imply, much less to affirm, though bolder assertions have been often hazarded, that the early sculptors of Babylon or Egypt (lay or sacerdotal) were used to sit down, with tablet of stone, or roll of papyrus, to make incised pictures or picture-writing from their fires; just as we, with pen and paper, have been drawing images from ours. Not exactly that! We only conjecture,—the surmise founded on figured coal-blocks, and supported by colossi of the same, that, from like figures and like forms, exhibited in like manner, they might have derived first notions of imitative art; also of *how* to practise it.



The *very* earliest of all sculptors, and of all artists, might have derived their art from no mediate source, but at once from the Divine origin of all that is grand, beautiful, and true. *They*, probably, were directly taught of God, as, afterwards, the cunning artificers, the “wise-hearted men,” who wrought the wood, and metal, and stone-work of the Tabernacle, and first grand Temple at Jerusalem. The first of art productions must, in that case, have been nearest of all to absolute perfection; but of these, where are the remains? Our humble guesses at art derivation relate only to those rude attempts at imitation, which, though spoken of as connected with the birth of art, only belong, in all likelihood, to one of its regenerations, its gradual revivals. Of what do the vestiges of such revival consist, as brought to light in the *earliest* remains, say of Assyria or of Egypt? Why, in imitations of Nature, curiously similar to *likenesses* (*not imitations*) of like objects produced (by Accident?) amongst rocks and blocks; and most similar of all, to shapes as first exhibited to be afterwards re-modelled by Fire.

The first carved idol of unlettered heathendom may have come, if not of the rock, of some illuminated *stock* or *block*, and that by descent of a very direct and obvious description. A savage is sitting alone with his benighted thoughts beside a night fire; forests around him, moon and stars above. His gaze is not uplifted to the lights overhead. He looks no higher than to the fitful blaze, and the smoulder of the giant logs before his feet. And now he starts! an unwonted apparition attracts his eye, and rivets it (Plate XVI.). A colossal figure, dark and deformed, rises, head and shoulders, above the burning pile, mouth and nostrils spouting flame, and—

“Eyes red sparkling with the fire glow.”

He looks with wonder upon what he never saw before—an *image*; a rude, hideous likeness of a *man*. But as it towers there amidst that terrible glory of flame, and that cloudy obscurity of smoke, it resembles infinitely more a *God*; the dark, dangerous, mysterious Being, *imaged* already in the poor heathen’s fancy. So he looks at it, not with wonder only, but with awe. Though eye has caught, eye cannot keep it; neither dares he, with his hand, to snatch from the fire that grim impersonation of his new-found Deity. Yet

he longs, for all his dread of it,—most, perhaps, for very dread's sake,—to seize on, to arrest, to keep it by him. Impotent desire! while he hesitates, a rising column of dense smoke hides the image from his sight. Presently, the night wind careering through the forest drives the smoke before it, and, seemingly, the image too, for it is gone—vanished! Not, though, before its form is photographed in the dark camera of the beholder's mind. His “imitative faculty” has been awakened with his dread and wonder. Then the savage goes to work, perhaps on a charred fragment, the “residue” of the very shape that appeared to him amidst the fire, perhaps on the “residue” of some goodly tree that has served his meanest uses. His rude tool, and primitive paint, and small skill, fail, at first, to realize again the “idea” realized for the first time in his night fire. But he succeeds at last, and behold the likeness of that grim effigy which flashed upon him while groping in his darkness for a visible God. And so this poor “Feeder on Ashes” comes to “hold a lie in his right hand;” sets it up, falls down and worships, pets and propitiates it by aid of sacrificial fire; then, perhaps, in a fit of angry disappointment, commits it to the flames from whence it was *first* “*taken!*”

We shall leave for the present much, perhaps, where we found it—amongst the coals,—the question, “did antiquity and heathendom borrow of primitive sculpture (Art and Imagery) from primitive forms *noticed* in their fires? Further questioning of our own may draw from out it more in the shape of answer to the above, and other queries suggested by itself. Be this as it may, the fire, and nothing and nobody besides, must be held answerable for all the absurdities (existent or imputed) of all its questionings, past, present, and to come.

Now for one more look at our “drawings” from the—vulgar names are so obtrusive!—from the grate. Every one is a copy, taken with perfect *honesty* if not with perfect accuracy, of some illuminated fragmentt here displayed. Figures or faces they certainly represent, after their manner; and for all their eccentricities they look (don't they?) much too soberly solid to have been traced by *Fancy's* shadowy fingers, or from outlines owing to *Fancy*, only, an investiture of *Form*. Well, then, these indisputable resemblances must be purely *accidental*, after all? Perhaps? But see how uniform they are in

Nº 11.



style. Notice how they all present a certain resemblance (fragmentary as they are) to certain *perfect* shapes of Nature, those being, in ten instances to one, *upper portions of the form* of man. Be it remembered also that we have here but a few copies from originals, such as are *always* on view in the repository whence these were taken. Put this and that together, what can we make of it? Why, something like this,—that if Accident alone has had to do with these sculptural semblances amongst the coals, she has been constantly at variance with herself here (as at times elsewhere), in emulation of Design. In this her capricious conduct—too steadily persevered in to look like caprice at all,—she has played the part of a rare journeyman to the “master,” Fire. We see here (Plate XVII.) how she has supplied him, not simply with irregular blocks and uneven slabs, but with traceries of tabular carving and rude statuary for remodelling or completion,—which he will. And what “Accident” has been doing in our fire, now, she does every day in every coal-fire in the world.

In this first attendance with other students at the art school of our illustrious master,—as, while “sitting at his feet,” we have warmed our own,—it has been our aim, only slightly diverged from, to confine observation to certain only of the sculptural “pieces” heaped around him. These have been such as, produced to all appearance by “Accident” alone, would seem to have owed nothing but illumination to the artistic presence. But now, just as we are rising from the fire—that is, from the fire-lit studio of Le Feu,—he diverts us provokingly from our purpose. In what manner? Why, by thrusting forward too prominently to be overlooked (by an *awakened* eye) one of his own productions, or conversions—nay, *two* of them, associate, on which it is plain he has been busy,—on one for a long time, on the other for a shorter. Look at his subjects—or *the* subject may we call it?—of “A Boy and Mask”! (Plate XVIII.) As composed (dubiously) by Le Feu and “Accident,” it looks “a bit” classical. As composed (clearly) of coal and cinder, it is a compound “bit,” and compounded of material by no means unsuitable to what it represents—that bronzy fragment which images the bit of a boy it warms with the young life of a live coal, full of the swelling exuberance of fire-drawn tar. Mark, how, under the handling of Le Feu, it palpitates with heat, as if for

very fright at that mockery of unveiled features which simulates a mask! *That*, mind, is a mere cinder,—rough, furrowed, discoloured, dry, and dead,—nothing but the hollow shell of a kernel, the coal that “lived” within it!

Well, as before noticed, we have been led by digression to anticipation—not, however, to any great extent—only so much as over the little interval of time or space which divides this, our present sitting, from the one to follow. In that we shall devote entirely to that consum-it artist (we hate puns!)—that inimitable artist, the grate—pshaw! the glorious *Le Feu*! and his operations that attention confined hitherto to the shapings, “rough and ready,” on which he is about to work. Let it be remembered that we have as yet only followed him in his preliminary proceedings—in his lighting up, while seeming to examine the material, raw or prepared, which, his own already, he is about to make so more completely. He has been, at the same time, (a condescension for which we thank him,) holding as it were the candle for our accommodation, while we have made *ours*, by appropriation, a few of the preparatory productions of his hidden subordinate. They are but foils truly to his own!—well placed, therefore (as if by study), in the confusion of his studio. There, presently we shall see the sculptor at his work in ardent earnest, infusing into all he works on the warmth and other characteristics of natural and artistic *life*!



THE FIRE A SCULPTOR.

From "Play" to Work.—An Old Slab with a New Face.—The Flame Chisel.—A Primitive King Block.—The Fire a Re-former.—Fiery Purgation.—A Royal Metamorphosis.—The Fire a Trans-former.—"Heaps" of Tabular Carving.—A Singer of high "Pitch."—A Minstrel in "Alto."—An Auditress who wants "Relief."—Which most Musical?—"Finishing" Touches.—"Finished," gone.—Where gone to?—Process of Inflation and Transformation.—Image of a popular Idol.—A Capital "Flare-up."—The Coal-Shivers.—A Winter-Night's Excursion.—From the Fire to the Street.—The like of the Coal-Shivers.—From the Street to the Fire.—Another Transformation.—A Trio of "Comfortables" in Coal-Tar.—The Fiery Sculptor gives Youth to Age; and Sudden Maturity to Youth.—Transformation and Expansion.—Coal "Black" and Tar "Brown."—Hurrah! for the Shoelack Brigade.—"Live Coals" in their common Course.—Le Feu the Artist, and Le Feu the Cook.—Humanity "Rules the Roast."—"Poor" Coals age soonest.—Opposites and Contrasts.—Hard "Bodies" and soft.—Sharp Bodies and Round.—Crowning up.—Contrasts again.—Big "Bodies" and little.—Sculptural forms, Primary and Secondary.—Art Schools parodied by "Schools" in the Fire.—Crystal Palace and its Courts.—(Assyrian) Sculpture newly lighted.—(Grecian) Sculpture at high blaze.—Mesdames Smith and Jones on the Colourless and Nude.—(Gothic and Mediæval) Sculpture fitful and flickering.—(Renaissance) Sculpture rekindled.—"Gates of Paradise."—Facts and Queries.



Touch'd by the chisel, Flank, the straight grows round,
 The rugged, smooth, the black and shining, dull,
 Then swelling curves in bitumen abound,
 And forms arise more flowing and more full.

THE FIRE A SCULPTOR.

“Touched by the chisel, Flame, the straight grows round,
The rugged smooth, the black and shining dull,
Then swelling curves in bitumen abound,
And forms arise more flowing and more full.”

Now then, to watch the proceedings of the “Master” Fire as he begins to show his mastery over the submissive coal. Suppose we note first how he goes to work with one of those broad-faced blocks on which we have seen him hitherto but at play,—simply lighting up the previous play of Accident. Mark how he applies his powerful tool, Flame, with its numerous blades all in motion, first to an edge, then over the surface of the slab. From betwixt these sharp, bright, varicoloured blades,—some of them of steely blue,—it is only here and there, and now and then, that we can catch a glimpse of the dark material on which they are so busy,—yes, and noisy, for we hear them at their work, these lively implements of a living artist. And they have succeeded already in drawing some lifelike tokens from the inert mass, for it begins to breathe, in gases, fume, in smoke, and splutter, in pitchy bubbles. And now the Fire, that is, the Master, seems resting from his work in hand, his many-bladed chisel is withdrawn, and the face of the slab is again open to inspection. What an altered face it is! In the first place, all “the shine” is out of it; its

cold glitter exchanged for warm dulness, as if turned from black granite into brownish bronze. It has lost with its shine its aspect of fictitious life, or liveliness, that which it had borrowed from reflected light; also the lifelike motion given it just now by imparted heat; so that, though beginning now to live in earnest, it looks, by comparison, somewhat dead as well as dull. The broken shapes, in relief or incision on the surface of the block, have, however, been moulded by the touches of *Le Feu* into a greater accordance with the character of living forms. Concavities have been filled, convexities thrown up, angles rounded, lines softened, and the harsh linear shapes these united to produce, have been melted with them,—some entirely away, others only into softness. The tool of *Flame* has, in fact, wrought upon this rough-faced slab with its mimicry of carving, an effect correspondent exactly to that of the chisel on a slab of marble occupied already by some rough-hewn sculptures.

But here, in aid of description, is the identical bit of coal with its differing bits of imagery, as taken from the rough and from the smooth, from the sharp and from the round, from the block as turned *over* to *Le Feu*, and from the block as turned *out* (another, yet the same) from under his transforming touches (Plates XX. XXI.). The most prominent object upon both is an alto-relievo, and it represents the most predominant of coaly *subjects*, the head, in effigy, of a *king*, one and the same in two likenesses, which yet are most unlike. Behold it first in its primitive or primary character, as inherited from blocks ancestral, a kingly block itself, hard, heavy, cold, dark, sharp-featured and sharp-crowned,—a harder never crushed a mass of small coal, or of small people! (Plate XX.) It has nothing of life in it but a show, and nothing of brightness, only the sparkle in its jetty (not jet) crown, and the glitter in its bright, but not far-seeing eye. Now mark it, this counterfeit of royalty, in its second (quite another) self, after *Le Feu*'s rounding, softening tool, or, shall we call it reformatory fire? has done its work (Plate XXI.). What has the king lost, what gained? Lost, under the scrutinizing, searching flame, are the false jewels, jet or diamond, in his crown; gone too is the restless sparkle in his eye. But though shorn of its glitter, how greatly has the royal—now “right royal”—head been a gainer by the Master's touches! Rich brown curls, outmarvelling Macassar, have

X2



— 89 — KIM RYUN

succeeded to straight black hair, or its coally counterfeit; a comely face of curves, to a lank visage of lines and angles; a warm breathing life, to nothing but a fitful sham of it; in a word, Le Feu has here given an aspect of beauty to barrenness, of flesh to bone, of benevolence to rigour. A re-forming artist we must needs confess him!—yes, and we must confess too that he must have found something to work upon in the interior, of the head at least, of that dark-looking coal-king. That he *did*, certainly; and it was something, we see, quite worth the trouble of bringing out, whether we call it bitumen, or pitch, or coal-tar brown. There is no looking at that sharp-struck medal, then at its softened obverse, without thinking of *other* kings, not exactly *coal*-blocks, and of other fires, not exactly fed by coal. One calls to mind, or the fact, as here imaged, comes without calling, that such fires only serve in their *first* fitful flashes to *exhibit* the stern features of tyrannic rule in all their sternness; and then one remembers (another fact here made palpable) how that these fitful flashes are apt to combine at last into a broad sheet of flame—a sheet likely to enrobe, over his purple, the devoted king. He may possibly emerge from its fiery folds, and from fiery purgation, to come out a king still,—now a *real* king, remodelled or reformed. This may happen. We have *seen* such process of remodelling in the *atelier* of Le Feu. Here in our exemplar look on it completed; and one has heard of the like of it in other places, and with real personalities. Quite as often though, in Le Feu's *atelier*, and certainly elsewhere, the king, in effigy, or person, is lost sight of in that enfolding blaze, and when it sinks, lo, *another* “form,” individual or of government, is reigning in his place!

But regarded simply as the *artist*, Le Feu is not always contented with working wonders of *improvement* on the primitive shapes submitted to his flame; very frequently his work of transformation is so complete as to resemble, if it be not really, a work of creation. Here, for instance, on this same coal slab under its original aspect (Plate XX.), there appears beside the prominent head of the linear king, a pair of fragmentary shapes of corresponding character, that is to say, in respect of angularity and sharpness; otherwise they are as perfect opposites as such *imperfect* things can be,—the ruling head so great and grand, the

subordinate nondescripts so small and mean. *Meaningless* also they must be,—their placing come, as we suppose, of Accident. Yet they really seem to have fallen somehow into an appropriate position, quite handy at the tyrant king's right-hand, one to serve as a sharp instrument, the other as an attenuated victim of oppression.

But in the same piece of sculptured or sculpture-like imagery under its second and softened aspect, these angular figures have both disappeared, melted quite away under the flame chisel of Reform (Plate XXI.). Raised however in their places under the same evolving as well as rounding tool, two—nay, three—shapes of contrasted rotundity have started up. One is of a child feeding a bird as plump as a partridge, or himself; another of a ditto, holding a vase or censer, with issuing smoke and a gentle, steady flame. These figures can, of course, bear no connection with the royal head beside them, except as having happened to come out under its very shadow. But if Design—not Accident—had brought them together, we should have said certainly that the winged bird was meant to figure “Liberty” fed and fattened (not, be it hoped, to apterous excess) under a fostering rule; the smoke from the censer, with its harmless flame, representing the incense of a people's love.

Again to the grate, that is, to Le Feu's grated studio. Heaped there as in “admired disorder,” or what we hope to make so, are lots of other “pieces,” slabs, blocks, and statuary,—some simply lighted, others in different stages towards completion, or—oh, the recklessness of ardent genius!—or towards destruction, by the Master's own agency, before completion is achieved.

Versatile as reckless, our sculptor has seldom less than a score or two of works in progress at the same time. Of these, some are deserted for others, after the common manner of men, while many are worked on simultaneously, after the superior manner of Le Feu.

From this *embarras de richesses* what shall we appropriate next for a specimen of our sculptor's skill? Not being gifted with genius, like Le Feu, we shall keep to one thing at a time,—to things, at any rate, of one sort. Suppose we look, therefore, for another of his *tabular* carvings, which, by the way, are much more like *castings*—castings, say, in bronze. Ah, there we see another of these



PRIMITIVE KING REFORMED BY FIRE

A. 50.

XXII.



WHICH IS MOST MUSICAL?

P. 61

same relief as it stands, well lighted, against a companion slab (Plate XXII.). And what may be its subject? Anything, this time, but a king or a king's head. A head it *is*, and something more, for it is a half-length, moulded in high, very high and full relief, in this coal-bronze or, to call it by its plainer and more descriptive name, in coal-bubble or coal-tar. It images a corpulent, round-faced, roistering Musician, a puffy sort of troubadour, ancient or modern, (it would do for either) singing to his viol, banjo, or some such instrument, as corpulent as himself. As for his song, we read its title-page on his countenance, and find it dedicated to Bacchus and the Queen of Love,—to Bacchus, as astride upon a beer-barrel,—to Venus, as dominant in camp and in canteen, scarcely as "ruler of the court or grove." This jolly minstrel would seem "in alto" altogether,—perhaps in his key, at any rate in much besides. He is evidently too much "elevated" to know precisely what he is about. Only hark to him as he puffs and splutters out his song (how fortunate we can't catch a word of it!) to just nobody and nothing, as if it was nothing better, nor worser, than a puff of smoke! But stay!—we are entirely mistaken; where could we have put our eyes? Why, that self-sufficient fellow seemed to have the street—that is, the coal—entirely to himself, but here positively, passing him close by, is the figure—not to be mistaken—of an old Woman. Well, it is more apparent than ever that the singer is not in the least aware of what he is doing; if he were, he would never, as we see him *now*, be addressing his questionable ditty to an auditor so thoroughly unsuitable as the individual in question. That poor old creature,—how *could* we have overlooked her until now? We can only account for it in this way: though as near—nay, nearer—to the eye than her ill-matched companion, she is much less prominent, in fact, being an intaglio, she is without "relief." "Objects" that want "relief" are apt to be overlooked, sinking, as they do, below the surface, in sculpture and society.

We are far from implying by the above observation that we take the poor old lady, in the coal, for a beggar! Neither Accident nor Le Feu ever meant her to represent one. She looks a great deal more like a quiet, respectable (perhaps not respected?) individual—a lone body,—her position in the world, as in the block, rather sunken, like her face and figure. Now, as we come to

consider her, in that slate-coal cloak and bonnet, all of a piece, and which looks so rusted as well as grey, we incline to the opinion that Le Feu has nearly "finished" her. We really thought at first, she is so dry and cold in aspect, that he had not *begun* with her. In fact, we took her, when we first perceived her here in her effigy, for an imperfect "original" cut *in* by Accident, on part and parcel of the same coal-slab, which had thrown *out*, when commanded, its tar, and troubadour. Of part and parcel of the same, yet differing material she certainly *is* made, but she has passed (there's no doubting it!) under the fiery tool of the master sculptor, times how many, who can tell? And this is what the fiery tool has left her!—left remaining of her! Well, such as she is, she seems passing quietly on her way—not far to go of it!—the way opposite to that of the puffy musician, so full of liquor, song, and self. Close as he is to her elbow and her ear, she takes no more heed of performer or performance than we took of *her* before we saw her. Viewed simply as a *coal*, bereft, to all appearance, of its *soul* of fire, how can one expect her to have a soul for music? Or viewed as what she looks like, a wayworn traveller, one can expect but just as little for her weary foot and weary heart to keep time with the tabret and the viol, with the voices of singing men and singing women. Yet there's no telling? Her face is not harmonious,—sharp enough, Heaven knows; but its sharpness is as from pinch of poverty, pinching the thin lips all the harder, to look a "bit respectable." There is no other, or worse asperity, about that quiet profile,—nay, one could really fancy there is something of music, or a taste for it, in her composition, if even (remembering the stones and Orpheus) there be coal or slate in it as well. If music be in her, it is not in unison with *his*. That is certain. It must be soft and low, and sweeter far than the music of that roistering reveller. But whatever may be hidden under that slate-grey cloak, or however Le Feu may have deserted, after being busy, on its wearer, he has yet something more to do with her before she is "quite done." He is giving at this moment some touches of ornament to the hat of the jolly minstrel, in shape of a flaring feather. The feather flutters, drops; and the sculptor, leaving his "alto," comes over to his basso. Pshaw! what are we saying? his intaglio, that is what we meant to say.



THE END

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END

Flash! flash! the sunken face of the aged traveller is lit up once—twice; and now it is only to be seen as through a veil, while the tool of many blades, of many colours, plays about the head and slate-grey bonnet. It plays *only*, for work on this subject is nearly at an end. See, the many blades are uniting, the many hues fading into one, and the flame chisel spreads into a broad sheet of whitish flame. It enwraps the stooping form of the quiet wayfarer, and hides her from our sight. Ah, it was her *winding-sheet*! for the poor old soul—that is, coal—is gone! broken up, broken off from her unmeet companion.

Looking through the empty space she occupied, we discern another form in the calm glowing distance; a shadowy form, more properly a shape of light. It is very like an angel with a golden harp, and, is it possible? it bears something of a likeness also to that same poor little soul (we can't *now* call her coal!) with its pinched features, slate-grey cloak, and ditto bonnet.

We must have a tolerable notion now, or never shall, of the manner in which Le Feu plays the sculptor on the *faces* of his blocks, be they slaty or be they jetty. Let us therefore turn our attention for the present from reliefs and intaglii, and watch the proceedings of our artist on a statuary form (Plate XIX.). Here we have him busy on a colossal bust, which looks as if carved, rudely enough, in black granite. As the tool of flame plies upon it, now here, now there, it seems converted, as usual, into brown bronze. And at last, by dint of rounding as well as of embrowning, behold it improved into something like a copy from the Classic! *That*, of course, it cannot be. Le Feu never copied in his “life.” But it has so much the air of an antique about it, that one can't, for the *life* of one, help wondering whether the classic may not have been copied originally from the like of *it*?

Next, we shall follow the Master in his treatment (no doubt it will be transmuting!) of a modern subject (Plate XXIII. Fig. 1). First, let us “take it” as Le Feu finds it. It happens to be a half-length effigy, one particularly adapted for burning, in a bit of very pitchy coal. What does it look like? Why, we can compare it to nothing more resembling than to a Puritanic preacher, of the popular type. Of such it is no bad image—lank-haired, lean-visaged, black-suited, and white-cravatted, only by a sham of reflected light.

Now observe, as they are wrought, the changes being effected by *Le Feu's* warming, moulding, and inflating touches,—as they work, mind, on the *pitchy* nature of the subject to which they are applied (Plate XXIII. Fig. 2). See how, under the expansive influence of the tool of flame, those pinched-up features widen; how those thin dark cheeks plump up and redden; how even that harsh black *chevelure* assumes a shade of brown, and softens into something like an artificial curl!

Notice, in especial, that long deep chin. Just now—don't you remember?—as well as long and deep, it was straight and square; now it is rounded with the rest. It had seemed half buried within the folds of the capacious neck-tie; it has come now to repose above the cambric (only counterfeit) in the meek dignity (counterfeit also) of a double fold of its own. In a word, this image of a popular idol has been “baptized,” as would have said its original, in a font of flame, and has come out “a new creature;” the image (is it not an apt one?) of a creature “new-born” to “creature comforts,”—grown fat rapidly on “milk of human” weakness. Or we may liken it—this inflated bit of coal—to a stout pillar, or columnar fragment, with bronzed capital, of some sectarian edifice,—a very narrow one!—with which, in point of width, it bears undue proportion. But what matter?—seeing that its breadth is entirely of body, not of spirit, nor of creed.

Well, the tool of flame, which represents here the blaze of “religious” fervour, has done its work (pretty soon, too!) with the subject of our present notice. Yes, he has here *quite* done with it, as far, at least, as regards the process of inflation; that of consummation is to come. And oh, when it comes to fall, that pitchy effigy of a pitchy idol, great will be the flare-up in the gulf to which it has been pointing with its coaly finger!

Look now at that group of splintery figures, shivered, yet not entirely detached, from a rock-like pinnacle of cold coal; they are images, not fanciful, of a group of people (Plate XXIV.). But what sort of people are they like? that big shiver and middling shiver and little wee shiver,—father, mother, and son. Like? Why, we can liken them to nothing, slender and ragged as they are, but to a trio of poor starvelings,—sharp-featured, sharp-elbowed, sharp-



TRANSMUTATION.

(STAGE FIGHT)

MISERABLES (IN COAL SACKS)

P. 11

kneed splinters struck off nearly from the rock of society, of which, nevertheless, they form a part. Or one could compare them to the same, that is, to creatures "all forlorn," such as are often cast up, or cast down, on the shores of the world, amongst its rocks, hard and cold, though beat on by a sea of fire. Unfortunates like these have been turned occasionally—at least, we have been told so—into rocks themselves, growing all the colder and all the harder from the beating of the fiery surge. The softening "uses of adversity" are not at all events exemplified in the family group of Shivers, brought by "Accident" before us. Though fellow-sufferers, and, without mistake, nearly related,—see how they turn their backs on one another. Mind, it is not so always with shivers in the fire; nor often, happily, with starvelings in the world.

Look again at that attenuated trio, and "*Again!*" exclaims one of you, one of our fellow-students of life as exhibited by *Le Feu*,—"Again! why, to confess the truth, I can't say I've seen them at all." You haven't! how very strange! yet not strange either, for "objects" of this sort seldom attract notice anywhere, much less where almost everything is overlooked. So you can't discern that group of coal splinters or shivers (it's much the same)! at least you haven't, and they won't last, *as they are*, much longer. Well, but you've seen the like of them, not exactly in coal, but in something else,—not exactly in the fire, but in some other focus of life, warmed and lighted, or lighted only. "You can't say." Well, we can show you what we mean at any time; no time better than the present. This is a winter's night,—a wintry one; you are going home in your carriage, give us a seat in it, and we shall be able, we are certain, to point out to you some such objects as *we* have had in view, all this while that they have been invisible to *you*.

So, here we are, in a comfortable brougham in London streets, in the early London season,—a season of spectacles very grand and striking, but our business to-night is with none of these; it is to look out for a spectacle very mean and, seemingly, inconspicuous, just such another as *we* have been seeing, and *you* can't see, in the fire. Have the goodness to wipe that carriage-window, the one next you; the glass is dim with our warm breathing, and it streams outside with the mingled rain and sleet. Thank you; now we can discern better the

dark blocks of houses with their illuminated fronts, all flare and glare and glitter. Passing before them on the pavement, so wet and slippery, are a few moving bodies upon legs; in the carriage-way, and their courses opposite, are many moving bodies upon legs and wheels; the latter we can only see by halves, chiefly by the carriage "moons," as they wax and wane through the drizzly fog, and the smoke from the horses' nostrils and their reeking hides.

Is there anything here in the least degree comparable to life in the fire? There is, certainly, if it's nothing nearer than the flare and smoke. These, at any rate, are common to the fire and the street. That you must admit. "Why, yes," responds our friend (owner of the comfortable brougham); "but we see nothing here any more than in the fire, like the 'objects' you've been talking of,—*fancying*, we do believe, amongst the coals." Well, *now*, at all events, there's no "fancy" in the case. Look there, against that red house; don't you see in the lamplight a group of thin dark Objects, three of them together on the white doorstep? What! you can't discern them? Oh, no wonder! for, just this minute, you've pulled the blind down. How absurd to think of seeing through a silk curtain, and that of *couleur de rose*! Just allow us. Ah, now it's up again; and there, just where they were, are those shivery creatures crouched on the doorstep of that brick-fronted house. There they are, the "great shiver," "middling shiver," and "little wee shiver"—father, mother, child,—their white faces, of other whiteness than of shiny coal, looking whiter in a flare of gas. The gas is streaming from a jet at a butcher's shop, which divides its light impartially betwixt those living skeletons and a suspended carcass of fat mutton. There *are* in the world *some* equal distributions! Hard by, *very* hard to them, is a comfortable interior, where the buxom maid-servant is shutting up the shutters; we catch sight behind her of crimson curtains, crimson carpet, glowing firelight, glowing faces,—we feel ours almost warm through "reflection." It is but for a moment, and there's nothing left but the pale gas and the pale ones in the street; the carriage window is let down,—not this time the rose-coloured blind,—a chink (is it of silver or copper?) upon the white doorstep, and—back we are again to the fireside—in front, we mean—of the *atelier* of Le Feu.



TRIMMULATION

TIME SECOND

FROM THE FIRST IN THE SH. FIRST IN THE METRABLES IN GALT
P. C.

And how, by this time, with the group, the *real* group, of shivery images in cold illuminated coal? Oh, they're not cold now, for our sculptor has taken them in hand in ardent earnest; that moulding, softening, evolving implement, the flame-chisel, is plied incessantly upon them, and ever and anon it holds them, as it were, in a warm embrace. Now it is withdrawn, and lo! those slender, ill-favoured, ill-to-do-looking bits of Nobodies, converted into plump, well-favoured, well-to-do-looking bits of Somebodies (Plate XXV.). Why, that tool of flame, working artistically on broken forms of coal, has been imitating exactly a flame of real charity working benevolently on real broken-down objects of distress. It has made something of them just by helping them to make something of themselves. Those warming, expanding, evolving touches have brought forth their latent and congealed capabilities, and filled them out with,—no matter what,—with the best affluence we can expect in *coal*. Behold the shivery trio in remodelled form. We might have doubted their identity, but for having watched the process of their transformation. There they are, a couple of bronzy images, with a little "image" of themselves between them; they are surrounded by a warm haze of heated smoke,—no, it must be meant for dust, the good folks being evidently on their way to market, seated behind a pony (there's not a doubt of it, though we can't see him) as fat and comfortable as themselves. Master, whip in hand, pipe in mouth; mistress sitting on her eggs and apples like a brooding hen. Two of her own brood are of the party, the firstborn busy with the hamper—in furtive imitation, not, be it hoped, of his own mother, only of mother Eve.

Such transformations are of everyday occurrence in the narrow confines of the grate, that is, grated studio; would they were as common in "the wide wide world"!

Le Feu, in thus working as a master sculptor upon primitive forms, reminds one at one while of the beneficent operations of a fostering Providence, at another of those imputed to a master fiend, who should bestow upon his victims the gift of fictitious youth. We have seen how that our fiery artist, let him be representative of what he may, can make his subjects juvenile,—how

he can round off sharpnesses of limb and feature, plump the hollow cheek, smooth the deep-lined forehead, and clothe the head with locks redundant. But sometimes, by a process nearly similar, he would seem only to outstrip Nature, instead of turning her backward on her course. Instead of suddenly re-investing age with youth, he is content sometimes to bring youth at once to maturity. We may see him, for instance, force in a minute a slip of a girl into a blossom of a woman, full-blown—with bitumen, and again, swell, in a second, a sharp smooth-faced splinter of a boy into a full-sized—fragment of a man filled out and bearded with the same.

See a metamorphosis of the latter description *perfectly* exemplified, there, in Le Feu's *atelier*,—very *imperfectly* here, in our study from the same (Plate XXVI.).

Look at these two effigies; they are of one and the same individual under two successive and, as treated by our artist, rapidly succeeding shapes. They are not changed quite past recognition, but we have in Number 2 a wonderful expansion of Number 1. Only mark this altered, yet self-same subject, in the rough and in the smooth, in the sharp and in the round, in the block and in the bronze, in the black and in the brown, in the boy and in the man. Yes, *black* and *brown*; and “Brown” (“Mister Brown”) will fit exactly with a name the respectable personage (Number 2), here imaged in the “*bronze*,” while “Black” (blackguard, say, or shoeblack) will suit him to a T, in his broken, ragged, primitive condition in the *block*.

But what are we about? talking of blackguard and shoeblack as synonymous, just as if we had been born in the last century.

Herein we have also committed another error. It was our intention to select from Le Feu's endless transformations a few only of the most striking and extraordinary, or such as illustrate the more remarkable transformations observable in life. Yet now, as we come to think of it,—that is, *look* at it,—that poor ragged Master “Black,” and then, at his pitchy efflorescence into “Mister Brown,” portly “Mister Brown,” there is nothing striking, nothing strange about it,—quite the contrary; instead of a magic metamorphosis it images nothing but a common growth, a result of common culture. For



© 1954 by the artist
Reproduction (1954) by the artist
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written permission of the artist.

what seen more commonly in the present day in every street, in every quarter, than “respectabilities” grown out of blacking-pots,—nay, growing *in* them. But, harmless joking apart, and, we hope, pardoned, all honour and respect to the philanthropic gardeners who thus cultivate wildings for their own and the public benefit; and hip, hip, hurrah! for the “shoeblack” and the “rag-brigades.”

There is another sort of transformation, not rapid, but slow; not occasional, but universal; not of character so much as aspect, which “Live Coals,” in common with live people, always have to undergo. In short, as a condition attendant on their brief vitality, the former, like the latter, grow *old*, *visibly old*, unless, as for ever happening, broken or swallowed up suddenly before they come to cindery decay, hence to dust and ashes. We have already seen something of the manner in which Le Feu works upon his primitive subjects,—most of them looking, *only looking*, aged from the beginning, in their dry, stiff, cold angularity. We have beheld how even these have plumped up under his touches into the roundness of youth and the richness of prime; but we have yet to mark, what is sure to follow, how they shrink under the same ardent handling into the aspects of decline. At this moment, we can see before us in the grated “studio” studies of the latter “stages” and “last stage of all,” but there for the present we shall let them be. As “natural” to “old coals,” they are pale and grey, and, as natural to “live coals,” in their hot summer, they have been red or ruddy before “frosted by fire” into those wintry hues. In both seasons they exemplify Le Feu’s *colouring*—his *coloured* sculpture, as distinguished from his bronzed. On this account we forbear further notice of them now, and till, in some future sitting, we can pay attention to our “master” exclusively as a “master *colourist*.” Be it noticed here that Le Feu, in his artistic capacity, does not quite resemble certain “artistes” of another description, who always work by his assistance, and sometimes bear his name. While “Le Feu,” the consummate cook, can make out of the driest of *bones* the most luscious of aldermanic dishes, Le Feu, the consummate sculptor, cannot make out of the driest of *coals* the most corpulent of “corporations,”—neither out of the same unproductive material the chubbiest of Cupids or the most flowing of

curls. The veriest bit of stone or slate that ever was misnamed a block of "best Wallsend" must submit, together with its imagery, to have its roughnesses smoothed, and sharpnesses rounded, according to the "master's" behest. It does not, however,—because, seemingly, poor thing! it *cannot*, answer generously to his evolving influence, nor meet by swelling globosities (that sounds grander than pitchy bubbles) his tool of flame. Even the earliest operations of Le Feu on such a dry primitive are more or less of a wasting description. His subjects wrought in it are apt, instead of bursting, as if preternaturally, into bituminous youth, to shrink prematurely into cindery age,—if, indeed, it can be said of these images in poor coal, that they "*grow aged*," seeing that like "the children of the poor" they, in looks, "are never *young*."* The poorer products of the mine are, however, rich as the richest in *variety* of simulative forms, both such as "happen" to be rough-hewn, ready for moulding, and those that are entirely fashioned, though they cannot be drawn out by the evolving flame. When we speak of "a *variety* of simulative forms" we mean—what must have become evident to every *opened* eye—an endless variety of such as effigy the *human* family,—always (kings at the head of it) the *reigning* family—the family that "rules the roast" in the iron-bound regions of the grate. With a something of apparent contradiction, the primitive shapes in poor hard coal are by no means *always*—old as they may look—of the most rude and repulsive appearance. It is in the richest products of the mine, while as yet untouched by fire, that harsh, stiff figures most often meet the eye. These figure not unaptly certain human *natures* (minds as well as bodies) fulfilled with rich endowment,—natures which may present the most dry and uninviting aspects till they come within some warming influence; *then we see* what they are made of.

There is one thing in which there is little difference, saving of degree, betwixt the rich (coal) and the poor. As with the pitchy so with the stony; the putting off of cold shiny black for warm dull brown is the first outward token of submission to Le Feu-en-Maître, though in matters of shine and blackness the stony, you know, have precious little—or little precious—to part with. Neither can the stony show a brown so rich and uniform, nor wear it half so

* Charles Lamb.

XXVII.



OPPOSITE

AS PIN AND PINCUSHION MADE FOR ONE ANOTHER

P. 21.



THE PARISH PROP

A PARISH PROP

"All very well, my friend, but
I'm bound, you see, to my own parish.
In fact I'm the prop of the parish."

P. 71

long,—hasting to put on or put out, in its stead, the pale, grey neutrals which bespeak its meaner quality. Hence, as we have said and seen, do *poor, low-lived* coals look old the soonest.

As respects capability of transformation, *i. e.* of being transformed, we shall find (though one might not think it) that the stony (coal) is not a whit behind the pitchy, only that the changes which *Le Feu* can work on it are less rapid, and accordant, of course, with its own inferior self-productiveness.

Of transforming, be it what it may, our wonder-working artist never tires. But *you*, our fellow-spectators of his performances, may be tired enough—as sometimes towards the end of a pantomime—of seeing him transform. Well, then, suppose we turn for awhile from his transformations to his *Contrasts*. "Oh!" but you may say possibly, "of contrasts too we have seen a heap already." Yes, but these, remember, have been chiefly as presented by one and the same subject contrasted with itself. The contrasts we shall notice now are such as are exhibited by two or more separate subjects of opposite character. Let us search around our sculptor's studio for an example or two of the opposites we mean. There are plenty to be found at hand in discordant yet associate effigies in the "block" and in the "bronze."

Look how some of them are thrown together (of course by Accident), with a whimsical aptitude that images exactly the like placing of "opposites" (of course by Design) in the seeming jumble of life—life not in the fire but the world.

Here, for instance, the first that meets us, is a pair,—the hard and sharp, the soft and round (Plate XXVII.). Some people would call them a pair ill-matched. We beg their pardon, for this couple are *exactly* matched, as pin and pincushion, which everybody knows were "made for one another."

Here, again, as effigied in different portions, the warmer and colder, the richer and poorer, of the selfsame coal, is a group of contrasted individuals, such as are to be seen, in flesh and fat, and skin and bone, every day, and on every highway of this Christian land (Plate XXVIII.).

The predominant personage in the centre is puffing out (don't you seem to hear him in the puff and splutter of the swelling pitch?) the ordinary plea for

closing the pocket, and something else, against the "casual" mendicant. "All very well, my good man," he is saying, "but I'm bound, you see, to my own poor. In fact, I'm the prop of the parish."

Not far off, upon a bed of bitumen, lie another pair, more correspondent in appearance, certainly (Plate XXIX.). See those drowsy damsels of pitchy plumpness, *contrasted* with a wakeful apparition of stone-coal. Apparition? yes, an alarming apparition,—but not, in reality, a ghost. It is much too material in the matter of raw bone or raw coal, though dry and dead enough, goodness knows, to have been raised, as in truth it *has* been, from a sepulchre of ages. Be it whatever else it may, it is a perfect image, and no phantom, of a certain vigilant Housekeeper, still alive in fable, and of others of the same stony stamp alive always in the flesh. "All flesh," we know, "is grass." There are flinty "grasses," and of these are such siliceous individuals. Many varieties of them are known to flourish in various localities where slips of parish girls are planted out to wither. There she stands, that rigid pattern of early wakefulness, doing duty for her Cock defunct. Her expiring "dip" dipping into darkness, there she stands, exemplary monitress, "*en chemise*" and "*bonnet de nuit*" and "*upon crasseux*,"* crowing up her maids before the dawn. Yes, there *she* stands and there *they* lie, the lazy, good-for-nothing creatures, just as if they were part and parcel of the bed they lie on, which in reality they *are*. These sleepers awakened owe, mind, all their plump exuberance exclusively to *tar*, and to their "treatment" by Le Feu,—not a bit of it to their treatment by the parish, nor, by all appearance, to that experienced in their place. Indeed for place, parish, and perhaps for the fable, their faces are, it must be owned, most fabulously fat. But we don't pity them, not we, the murderous hussies! Their "missus" is only a just minister of vengeance haunting their bedside before the cock-crow, for the murder of Sir Chanticleer. Look again at that frightful apparition. Mark her nightcap, bowed and tied with crimson, as if be-crested and be-combed. Look at her bedgown full in frill, as if in feather. Notice her long, sharp, talons and beak of aquiline configuration. Now wonder, if you can, that her maids should take her for what they evidently

* La Fontaine.





do, or *will* when wide awake,—the ghost of the old white cock himself, come to “call them up” for killing him.

Apropos of Contrasts, we are struck, not though for the first time, with one of a somewhat different description to those we have been noting. We perceive some tiny bodies pendent to a large one, like Lilliputians to a Gulliver! It doesn't do always to revert to the origin of either little people or of big, but we may say, *en passant*, what little *effigies* of this description originally are. They are then, or *were*, the smallest of splinters or shivers, struck from some great block, to which nevertheless they remain, after a manner, attached. Some of them look, from beginning to end, or as long as we can see them, like mere splinters and nothing else. Others are shaped somehow, even from their breaking, into pigmy figures, which await, like the colossal forms they come from, their “finish” from Le Feu. Rough or finished, rude or reformed, these insignificant little bodies often come with a sort of grotesque aptitude (we had almost said *significance*) just into the right place,—the *right* place, it may be, though, to figure something rather *wrong*! Here are two instances.

In the first (Plate XXX.), a trio of little devils—certainly *rude* in their proceedings, if not *wrong*—have turned into scaling-ladders the beard and moustaches of a son of Mars. In example number two (Plate XXXI.), we have a pair, we will not call them imps, but of impish ear-w-rings adapted to Negro wear and tear. Pendants of this small yet ponderous description were used to be in vogue only down South, where they were patented by planters and dealers for their black establishments. Of late, the monopoly in these articles has ceased, and they have now, as everybody knows, their *pendants* in the North. In that portion of the dis-united “Union,” these negro ear-w-rings appear in novel shapes. Those of latest introduction are curiously fashioned—not as here (by Le Feu or Accident?) into likenesses of drivers, dealers, and planters, but into such as bear a greater resemblance to generals, philanthropists, and preachers.

One more word about these little personages,—simply keeping to the coal,—we meant to say appendages. Be it particularly borne in mind that little as they are, and white (in ash) as they have grown, they are of the same substance,

and were once of the same colour, as the great black native, certainly of a *hot* climate, whose ears they w-ring.

Our studies from the studio of Le Feu have now made us acquainted with two very distinct series of sculpture-like forms,—the first, say, of “primitive formation” in the coaly block; the second, or secondaries, such as are thence evolved at “the master’s” bidding, or wrought by his vivifying touches into a closer resemblance to the forms of life. We begged attention (we hope *obtained*) to a general likeness in this coal imagery, while in its primæval stage, to the sculptures of remote antiquity. It is now time to notice that in its secondary and succeeding stages it presents a like correspondence with the styles and forms of Art at later periods.

This curious FACT, clear as the firelight which makes it evident, has been as yet but partially and very feebly illustrated on our paper;—this, in a measure, because our exemplars have been chosen hitherto more with a view to show their aptitude to image human faces, and *phases* of human *nature*, than faces and phases of human *art*. Now, though, we have “drawn” from the heap of evidences always before us (when before the fire) a few testimonials, addressed to sight, of the resemblances in question. As here given, by our “drawings” from Le Feu, they are imperfect enough—that we must confess; but they are perfectly honest—that we do affirm.

Only look at these faithful copies from the coals,—coal “marbles”—coal “bronzes”! (Plate XXXII.) Do they not look like copies (rather faithless) from other things? Some of their originals you have seen already (on our showing) in the grate—(pssha! we always mean grated studio)—and you *must* have seen something like them somewhere else. *We* have, repeatedly,—but where *last*? Where was it last that we looked on certain objects of which these remind us,—objects something like these, and as brought together in somewhat like manner? As we ponder on the question, we discern the glittering roofs of Sydenham as they rise above the haze of memory and London fog. . . . And now we are in the Art Palace of the People—re-traversing its Courts—halting in each of them by turn.

We stand (looking up, and feeling little) in the colossal presence of seated





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
100 EAST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
1980

— 28 —



kings and priests and deities of Egypt and Assyria. Rigid, rectangular, stern and still, they look, even here, and now, these images of images, fresh from the hand of the restorer, exceeding great and grand! They must have looked much grander, if not greater (at least one thinks so), when fresh (in their originals) from the hand of the sculptor, and enthroned in their native temples and palaces of Nineveh or Thebes. They must have looked less grand, perhaps less great, but much more grave and awful, when just disturbed from their repose of ages,—just brought up again to the light of day amidst the ruins of their ancient dominion. But they must have looked grandest of all, and most imposing, when exhibited in all their glory by the blaze of their sacred *fires*. Now, don't you think so? They must have had then what they require now. With all their colour, these great images of images seem, as we see them here, to want warmth. They haven't (artistically speaking) a spark of fire in their composition—nor of life! They exhibit no more of either than the colossal imagery in unkindled coal; and *that* (as exhibited by Le Feu) has greatly the advantage, through fire and life of his reflection.

A few steps have conducted us to—we won't say *Sculptural Perfection* (*she* having lived from time immemorial in Le Feu's academy)—but to her nearest neighbour, resident in the Grecian Court (Plate XXXIII.) We pause to admire,—*could* fall down and worship before gods and goddesses of mortal mould, only inferior to those of fiery formation! As compared with the latter, we may call them *demi*-gods; yet, in truth, they are very god-like for grace and grandeur,—glorious exemplars, in their swelling curves, of the magic line of beauty! Talk of *cold* marble! The marble they are made of seems to glow with fire—of life! nearest approach to coal, with life—of fire!

But their worshippers are by no means numerous here in this modern Temple of the Arts; their Court is not attended as it should be. We can gather something of the reason from the profane whispers of a pair of visitors—(they *do* whisper, though they are not worshippers)—Mrs. Butcher Smith, of White-chapel, and Mrs. Tailor Jones, of Wapping. “Raly now,” says Smith to Jones, “them 'ere figgurs is surprising! and considerin' they're antics (as they calls 'em) they're in excellent condition! They wants nothing but a bit o'

colour to make 'em look like wholesome flesh and blood!"—"Yes, sure," says Jones to Smith (Mrs. Tailor Jones is heiress of a Welsh flannel factor); "Yes, sure, that *would* be a wonderful eddition! And then they'd want nothing but a bit of decent clothing to make 'em (those Cupids in partick'lar) look like perfect babes of grace, or what they comes to, blessed angels!" Well, we shall have more to see (in the fire) and more to say (by the fireside) about clothed and coloured statuary by-and-by. Meanwhile we perceive (looking round our Grecian Court) enough of drapery—and, looking up at the Parthenon frieze, enough of colouring—to show that the sculptors of Greece, some of them at all events, would have sided with Mesdames Smith and Jones in condemnation of the colourless and nude. Yet—minus colouring, minus clothing—the sculptural masterpieces (masters, mind, only of their *own* school) seem, as we have said, and as says every one but Smith and Jones, to *glow* as well as breathe. They *do* glow certainly, since they were the work of Sculpture when in her highest blaze; and when, like our ardent artist in the grated studio, she infused of her own fire into all she touched.

Here, in this Art Temple, how we step in a moment over the dark void,—across the wide chasm that divides, in the history of Art, the Classic from the Gothic. It is passed, and here we are at the Courts Gothic and Mediæval. (Plate XXXIV.) Amidst tombs and arches, bosses, corbels, carved pannels, and the rest of it.—here we are, to wander and to wonder. Delighted, dazzled, almost confounded, we admire often—worshipping but seldom. This Gothic and Mediæval imagery! What a medley it presents of the sublime and the ridiculous, the graceful and the grotesque, the beautiful and the bizarre! Just the productions to be expected at the hand of Sculpture when awakening and awakened from her torpor, like a fitful fire from its smoulder.

Now she is lavish both of colouring and clothing. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are in ecstasies. They want nothing now but something to find fault with; for there is no lack here of "wholesome flesh and blood," with angels in plenty decently attired! And, good ladies, we promise you the same (when you come to look for them) in the *middle* of our fire, or your own. Now we do not mean exactly in the middle of the grate, *i.e.* grated *atelier*, but in the



mediæval stage (corresponding with mediæval age) of our sculptor's glowing productions. When arrived at that, how replete his imagery with the eccentricities of revived cinder, and the vari-colours of remodelled slate!

Another Court—and this is the Renaissance. Offspring of the new birth of Art—or call them resurrectionary forms of the antique dead—crowd about us. Angel-like, saint-like, sinner-like, life-like, how they start out (and startle us!) from renaissance bronze and terra-cotta. See them on shield and altar-piece and frieze and gate of Christian temple! Through these we reach the “Gates of Paradise.”* Hereat we gaze and linger like the sinning parents of mankind,—would stay for ever, but we can't! The ruddy sunset, as though it were the flaming sword, warns us to depart, or we shall be too late for the last train—or the last “'bus!” So we turn our backs upon the Sydenham Eden. . . .

From this dreamy retrospect let us re-turn our faces to the fire—or, better, take first another look at the faces and fragmentary figures here faithfully depicted from *Le Feu*. We can't look now at *these* without reverting in thought to *those*—the Sculptures of the Schools; nor, henceforth, at the Sculptures of the Schools without being reminded of the Sculptures in the Grate. Nobody can say that the comparison between them is far-fetched, for it is fetched no further than from the artistic assemblage between the bars and the nearest art-collection beyond them. Admitted (what cannot be denied) that the two are mutually suggestive *now* in the way of *resemblance*,—about *degrees* of it we needn't quarrel,—why might not one have been, once, suggestive of the other in the way of imitation?

Reverting again, only for a moment, to the Art Palace, we remember now, in the Mediæval Court, a certain piece of rare workmanship in iron,† whose producer was held by contemporary ascription to have owed his consummate skill to leaguiship with the Devil. That was to impute of “fiery inspiration” with a vengeance! To ascribe the beautiful to the prince and principle of deformity may seem a little surprising, even in a semi-barbarous age. Not so,

* Those of the baptistery at Florence by Ghiberti, called by Michael Angelo “The Gates of Paradise.”

† Taken from one of the doors of Notre Dame, at Paris.

however, when we call to mind that he (the arch-fiend) can wear upon occasion an angel's form, and that he has texts of Scripture at his fingers' or his hoofs' ends. This considered, where the wonder that he should have been credited with directing the fingers of an artist in the exquisite decorations even of a church-door? Such a popular belief was, at all events, quite accordant with the character (moral and artistic) of that motley mediæval time, with its chequers of deep obscurity and brilliant light. It was only natural, when the super-excellent was seen to flash out, as it so often did, against its dark opposite, that the phenomenon should be regarded as beyond nature,—ascribed immediately to the source divine, or to its diabolic opposite. Those wonderful carvings and castings in stone and wood and metal—*diabolically beautiful* as some are,—nobody nowadays could entertain the notion that they were wrought in Satanic workshops, or under particular direction of the Evil One himself. We, in our cheerful firelight, are the last to wander back into such dark delusion. Yet now, as we sit and look, first into the fiery depths, then at the forms we have snatched from out them, then again, in recollection, at the sculptural assemblage just briefly re-visited,—we incline more than ever to the belief that, in the production of the latter, *fiery inspiration* really had a share. And within our grated studio—neither below it nor above,—do we discern all the inspiration of which we would impute. We see there our ardent artist moulding his in part prepared material, not indeed into every variety of simulative form, but into every conceivable shaping and aping of the form human,—this most often with accessories of colour and clothing, as represented at successive periods by humanity itself. We see him, in short, holding up to us the very image of Sculptural Art,—that in all dresses, of all times. He only, perhaps, reflects her most vividly of all in her mediæval garment,—so richly figured, so warmly coloured, so lavishly adorned,—of fashion partly beautiful, partly *bizarre*,—just as she wore it (loosely sometimes, like a brocaded dressing-gown) on rising from her sleep of centuries. One thing, at all events, is certain. Le Feu never caught the fire of *his* inspiration from sculptural geniuses amongst mankind; nobody can be quite as positive that *they* did not catch a spark or two of *theirs* from Le Feu.



ILLUSTRATED WORKS IN NATURAL HISTORY

PUBLISHED BY

LOVELL REEVE AND CO.

Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

MONOGRAPH OF ODONTOGLOSSUM, a Genus of the Vandeous Section of Orchidaceous Plants. By JAMES BATEMAN, Esq., F.R.S. Imperial Folio. Parts I. to III., each with 5 Coloured Plates, and occasional Wood-Engravings, 21s.

A SECOND CENTURY OF ORCHIDACEOUS PLANTS, selected from the subjects published in Curtis's 'Botanical Magazine' since the issue of the 'First Century.' Edited by JAMES BATEMAN, Esq., F.R.S. Parts I. to V., each with 10 Coloured Plates, 10s. 6d., now ready. To be completed in 10 Parts.

THE RHODODENDRONS OF SIKKIM-HIMALAYA ; being an Account, Botanical and Geographical, of the Rhododendrons recently discovered in the Mountains of Eastern Himalaya, from Drawings and Descriptions made on the spot by Dr. J. D. HOOKER, F.R.S. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, F.R.S. Folio, 30 Coloured Plates, £3. 16s.

THE ILLUSTRATED BRITISH FLORA ; a Description (with a Wood-Engraving, including dissections, of each Species) of the Flowering Plants and Ferns indigenous to, or naturalized in, the British Isles. By GEORGE BENTHAM, F.R.S. Demy 8vo, 2 vols., 1295 Wood-Engravings, from Original Drawings by W. FITCH. £3. 10s.

BRITISH WILD FLOWERS ; or, THE FIELD BOTANIST'S COMPANION ; a Familiar Account, in the Four Seasons, of the principal Wild Flowering Plants of the British Isles. By THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S. Demy 8vo, 24 Coloured Plates by W. FITCH, 21s.

THE BRITISH FERNS. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, F.R.S. Royal 8vo, 66 Coloured Plates, £2. 2s.

GARDEN FERNS ; a Selection of Exotic Ferns, adapted for Cultivation in the Garden, Hothouse, and Conservatory. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, F.R.S. Royal 8vo, 64 Coloured Plates, £2. 2s.

FILICES EXOTICÆ ; Figures and Descriptions of Exotic Ferns, chiefly of such as are cultivated in the Royal Gardens of Kew. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, F.R.S. Royal 4to, 100 Coloured Plates, £6. 11s.

BRITISH FERNS ; an Introduction to the Study of our Native Ferns and their Allies. By MARGARET PLUES. Crown 8vo, 16 Coloured Plates, and Wood-Engravings, 10s. 6d.

BRITISH MOSSES ; containing all that are known to be Natives of the British Isles. By the Rev. M. J. BERKELEY, M.A., F.L.S. Demy 8vo, 24 Coloured Plates, 21s.

BRITISH FUNGOLOGY. By the Rev. M. J. BERKELEY, M.A., F.L.S. Demy 8vo, 24 Coloured Plates, 30s.

THE ESCULENT FUNGUSES OF ENGLAND ; containing an Account of their Classical History, Uses, Characters, Development, Structure, Nutritious Properties, Modes of Cooking and Preserving, etc. By C. D. BADHAM, M.D. Second Edition. Edited by F. CURREY, F.R.S. Demy 8vo, 12 Coloured Plates, 12s.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS PUBLISHED BY REEVE & CO.—*continued*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF BRITISH MYCOLOGY; comprising Figures and Descriptions of the Funguses of interest and novelty indigenous to Britain. By Mrs. T. J. HUSSEY. Royal 4to. First Series, 90 Coloured Plates, £7. 12s. 6d.; Second Series, 50 Coloured Plates, £4. 10s.

PHYCOLOGIA BRITANNICA; or, History of British Seaweeds. By Dr. W. H. HARVEY, F.R.S. Royal 8vo, 360 Coloured Plates, £6. 6s.

PHYCOLOGIA AUSTRALICA; a History of Australian Seaweeds. By Dr. HARVEY, F.R.S. Royal 8vo, 5 vols., 300 Coloured Plates, £7. 13s.

FLORA VITIENSIS; a Description of the Plants of the Viti or Fiji Islands, with an Account of their History, Uses, and Properties. By Dr. BERTHOLD SEEMANN, F.L.S. Royal 4to, Parts I. to V., each 10 Coloured Plates, 15s. To be completed in 10 Parts.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FLORA OF MENTONE. By J. TRAHERNE MOGGIDGE. Royal 8vo, Parts I. and II., each, 25 Coloured Plates, 15s.

CURTIS'S BOTANICAL MAGAZINE; comprising the Plants of the Royal Gardens of Kew, and of other Botanical Establishments. By Dr. J. D. HOOKER, F.R.S. Royal 8vo. Published Monthly, with 6 Plates, 3s. 6d. Coloured. Vol. XXII. now ready, 42s.

THE FLORAL MAGAZINE; containing Figures and Descriptions of New Popular Garden Flowers. By the Rev. H. HONYWOOD DOMBRAIN, A.B. Imperial 8vo. Published Monthly, with 4 Plates, 2s. 6d. Coloured. Vol. V., with 64 Coloured Plates, now ready, £2. 2s.

ELEMENTS OF CONCHOLOGY; an Introduction to the Natural History of Shells, and of the Animals which form them. By LOVELL REEVE, F.L.S. Royal 8vo, 2 vols., 62 Coloured Plates, £2. 16s.

THE LAND AND FRESHWATER MOLLUSKS indigenous to, or naturalized in, the British Isles. By LOVELL REEVE, F.L.S. Crown 8vo, Map, and 160 Wood-Engravings, 10s. 6d.

CONCHOLOGIA SYSTEMATICA; or, Complete System of Conchology. By LOVELL REEVE, F.L.S. Demy 4to, 2 vols., 300 Plates, £10. 10s. Coloured.

CONCHOLOGIA ICONICA; or, Figures and Descriptions of the Shells of Mollusks, with remarks on their Affinities, Synonymy, and Geographical Distribution. By LOVELL REEVE, F.L.S. Demy 4to. Published Monthly in Parts, 8 Coloured Plates, 10s.

CURTIS'S BRITISH ENTOMOLOGY; Illustrations and Descriptions of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland, containing Coloured Figures, from nature, of the most rare and beautiful Species, and, in many instances, upon the Plants on which they are found. Royal 8vo, 8 vols., 770 Coloured Plates, £21.

BRITISH BEETLES. By E. C. RYE. Crown 8vo, 16 Coloured Steel Plates, 10s. 6d.

BRITISH BEES. By W. E. SCHUCKARD. Crown 8vo, 16 Coloured Steel Plates, 10s. 6d.

BRITISH SPIDERS. By E. F. STAVELEY. Crown 8vo, 16 Coloured Plates, 10s. 6d.

L. REEVE & CO., 5, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



